

Rotarian

FEBRUARY

TOM J. DAVIS

**My Fellow
Rotarians—**

MOHANDAS GANDHI

**My Seven Points for
A New World Order**

ELMO ROPER

**What Americans
Believe**

CATS OR DOGS?

**Louis Untermeyer
vs. Burges Johnson**

PICTURES—

- Canadian Newsreel
- Photo Contest Prize Winners
- The Burma Road

Lord—Mill—Pine Photo by E. C. Roper

1942



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A Night in the Desert
India—Land of Opposites
The New Capital at Delhi
India's Jig-Saw Puzzle
Ceylon Days and Nights
On the Road to Mandalay
Rotary in Tanah Malayu
Jewel of the South Seas
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"Unaccustomed as I am" —

"I... er, er... don't know just what to say on the subject."

"I wasn't expecting to be called on to speak."

"Mr. Bell can tell you more about the idea than I can."

"Er... that is not very clear, but that's the best I can do."



...Yet 4 Weeks Later He Swept Them Off Their Feet!

IN a daze he slumped to his seat. Failure... when a good impression before these men meant so much. Over the coffee next morning, his wife noticed his gloomy, preoccupied air.

"What's the trouble, dear?"

"Oh... nothing. I just fumbled my big chance last night, that's all!"

"John! You don't mean that your big idea didn't go over?"

"I don't think so. But Great Scott, I didn't know they were going to let me do the explaining. I outlined it to Bell—he's the public speaker of our company! I thought he was going to do the talking!"

"But dear, that was so foolish. It was your idea—why let Bell take all the credit? They'll never recognize your ability if you sit back all the time. You really ought to learn how to speak in public!"

"Well, I'm too old to go to school now. And, besides, I haven't got the time!"

"Say, I've got the answer to that. Where's that magazine?... Here—read this. Here's an internationally known institute that offers a home study course in effective speaking. They offer a free booklet entitled *How to Work Wonders with Words*, which tells how almost any man of average intelligence can improve his natural speaking ability. Why not send for it?"

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John Harkness' business career. It showed him how a simple and easy method, in 20 minutes a day, would train him to speak more effectively in public or in everyday conversation—convince

one man or many—help him to talk at business meetings, lodges, banquets and social affairs. It banished all the mystery and magic of effective speaking and revealed the Laws of Conversation that distinguish the powerful speaker from the man who never knows what to say.

Four weeks sped by quickly. His associates were mystified by the change in his attitude. He began for the first time to voice his opinions at business conferences. Fortunately, the opportunity to resubmit his plan occurred a few weeks later. But this time he was ready. "Go ahead with the plan," said the president, when Harkness had finished his talk. "I get your idea much more clearly now. And I'm creating a new place for you—there's room at the top in our organization for men who know how to talk!"

And his newly developed talent has created other advantages for him. He is a sought-after speaker for civic banquets and lodge affairs. Social leaders compete for his attendance at dinners because he is such an interesting talker. And he lays all the credit for his success to his wife's suggestion—and to the facts contained in this free booklet—*How to Work Wonders with Words*. * * *

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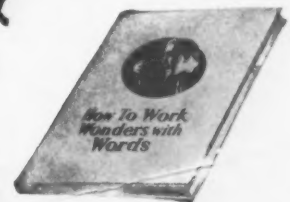
this training—a training that helps to overcome timidity, self-consciousness, stage fright and fear when called upon to speak before an audience.

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Canada Keeps Faith with Its Indians



(Photo) Canadian Pacific Ry.

Tattered and yellowed documents record treaties Canada made with its Indians. Picturesque ceremonies mark annual payments of agreed-upon sums—and give old bucks and squaws opportunity to gossip and to arrange weddings of sons and daughters. Watch for this article in your—

March Rotarian

Sir Norman Angell, Nobel peace prize winner, thinks out loud about how nations wanting to work together can do so and still remain independent. It's an important problem now, will be more so when peace comes. This article is the seventh in the "World to LIVE In" series. . . . All this, and more, in your—

March

ROTARIAN

Comment on ROTARIAN Articles by ROTARIAN Readers



Silver Lining for Blackouts

*Visioned by E. C. ROSENBERG, Rotarian
Light and Power Executive
North Sacramento, California*

It's lucky my heart is good, because winning first prize in the Full-Color Division of THE ROTARIAN'S Photo Contest [see first cover, this issue] almost gave me heart failure. When I recovered, I gave a yell that almost brought down the roof. Coming just before Christmas it will buy me the best enlarger I can get for \$50 for a Christmas present. So expect to see me in there plugging if you have the Contest again next year.

Thinking of war and photography reminds me of the joke on me that happened this week. Looking for a bright side of that dark cloud, I consoled myself that at least I could work in my darkroom during our regular blackouts. However, the "payoff" came when I was appointed air-raid warden for this district. Now I have to chase down lighted windows, etc., during all alarms. Watta life!!!

'Make People Speed-Conscious'

*Says WM. F. HOFFMANN, Rotarian
Roofing-Company Proprietor
Mount Vernon, New York*

Ruth Little's *Teaching the Good Samaritan* [January ROTARIAN] contains much good advice for procedure after a motor accident has happened. But many accidents will be avoided if drivers will give heed to what I believe to be the principal cause of serious accidents: excessive speed.

I suggest that during a national "safety week" would be a good time to try out a speed limit of 35 miles an hour on all motor highways. With the contact advantages of today through the medium of radio, motion pictures, the press, and other agencies it should not be difficult to make the people speed-conscious.

With such a trial the average weekly total of fatalities could be compared with that of "safety week." Should there be a considerable saving of life it will prove that motorcar manufacturers must bring down the speed of the cars, that speed limits on highways must be reduced, or that heavy fines must be imposed on speeders. Drivers must be aroused to the realization of regard for their fellow beings.

Two Kansans Labelled

*By D. E. VANDERVOORT
Assistant Secretary, Rotary Club
Wichita, Kansas*

In the caption for picture No. 3 on page 46 of the January ROTARIAN you

ask, "Will Kansas please identify these two sunflower-bedecked representatives?"

Both are from Wichita, Kansas.

The one to the left [see cut] is Robert H. Timmons, Governor of the 17th District in 1919-1920; Third Vice-President of Rotary International in 1920-1921; deceased, 1928.

To the right is Lon H. Powell, President of the Wichita Rotary Club in 1924-25, a member since 1917—still in



the Club under the classification of "grain elevators terminal."

Several other Rotarians have written, identifying these Kansans. But this from Assistant Secretary Vandervoort was the first received.—Eds.

'Ain't Hills Thar Now'

*Says KUNIGUNDE DUNCAN
Wichita, Kansas*

Reading *Colorado or Bust in '72* [December ROTARIAN] is a surprising adventure for a Kansan. What with Atchison being the capital, buffalo grass waist high, and "There goes Cimarron"—what, before the town was named?—why, we just don't recognize the place. West of Dodge City's "arid foothills"—somehow they ain't hills thar now. Putting down that railroad couldn't transform a desert into farmland. That railroad runs through what was one of the worst spots in the dust bowl. You need rain, not rails, to make farmland.

Apologies to the Young Ladies

*From GENE GACH
Pfc., 11th Cavalry, Camp Lockett
Campo, California*

Don't know whether or not you are interested in the recoil of your articles to their authors, but when I sent a wire from the El Centro Western Union station yesterday, the manager, a Rotarian named Edward Rau, recognized me as the writer of *Mail Call* [December issue], and, after some conversation, suggested I talk before the local Rotarians. This would be a pleasant change for me—to be able to talk to someone after having been talked at for so long.

Another thing: On December 10 we

were on the march to Camp Lockett. We'd been in the saddle eight hours already. A heavy rain was falling. The mail caught up with us and my share of it was several letters from sweet young things who had read the December ROTARIAN and who wanted to correspond with troopers of this regiment. I read these letters in the saddle and put them in my saddlebag, planning to divide them with fellows who liked to write and get letters. However, the war and the rain interrupted my Cupid career; we kept right on marching, and after a total of 16½ hours in the rain, we trotted to our new camp 16 hours ahead of schedule. But the letters in the saddlebag were a sodden mess, as we all were. My apologies to these young ladies. I hope they write again.

Send Boys Home-Town Paper

Says FRANK C. CLOUGH, *Rotarian*
Managing Editor, Emporia Gazette
Emporia, Kansas

Especially interesting in the December ROTARIAN was *Mail Call*, by Gene Gach. The cartoons by Austin Jewell topped it off in swell shape. Emporia has an infantry company and a band at Camp Robinson, Arkansas. All these boys got furloughs during November and you would be surprised at how

News from Home



Courtesy, Publisher's Auxiliary

many came to the office to tell us how much they enjoy the *Gazette* at camp. Each outfit has a correspondent who sends us a news letter and we send each group a bundle of *Gazettes* every day. It seems extremely important to me that the boys should get these papers when the home-town news means so much to them. When they are giving up their homes, jobs, and schoolwork, the least we can do is to send them papers and letters. The enclosed cartoon illustrates my point [see cut]. These boys are doing a job for the rest of us, while we stay at home.

Mail Call rang the bell here.

Soldiers Want Letters

Agrees SVERRE ROANG
Officer Candidate School
Fort Knox, Kentucky

In the December ROTARIAN appeared Gene Gach's *Mail Call*, in which he renders advice [Continued on page 57]



KEY: (Am.) American Plan; (Eu.) European Plan; (RM) Rotary Meets; (S) Summer; (W) Winter.

CANADA

A ROYAL WELCOME AWAITS YOU AT CANADA'S ROYAL FAMILY OF HOTELS

MONTREAL—Mount Royal Hotel
Rotary meets Tuesday
NIAGARA FALLS, Canada—General Brock
Rotary meets Tuesday
HAMILTON, Ont.—Royal Connaught
Rotary meets Thursday
WINDSOR, Ont.—Prince Edward
Rotary meets Monday

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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MADE GREAT BY
THE WORLD'S GREAT
ROTARY MEETS
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WASHINGTON, D.C.

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HEART OF AMERICA'S TROPIC WONDERLAND

MIAMI—DALLAS PARK. Rooms, apartments, pent houses. Roof sunbathing. 11 stories, overlooking beautiful Biscayne Bay. Moderate rates. Eu. Michael Whelan, Manager.

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The COLONIAL

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NEW YORK CITY—PRINCE GEORGE HOTEL, 14 East 28th St. (near Fifth Ave.). Rotarians receive special attention. 1000 rooms with bath from \$2.50. George H. Newton, Mgr.

HOTEL ROOSEVELT
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Near to every place you want to go in New York
Attractive rooms with bath from \$4.50
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PENNSYLVANIA

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Half Dozen Hotels
Headquarters: Rotary Club of Phila.
Meetings held Wednesdays, 12:30
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Easy to Place—

Sure to Stay—

Simple to Handle—

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Regular and Extra Long

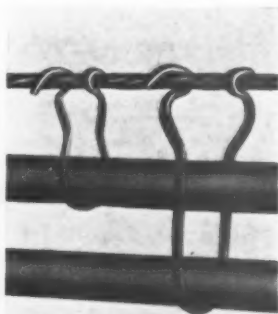


Illustration above shows two cables hung on single strand with National Regular and Extra Long Rings.

With National Rings you can pull the cable either way to meet job requirement.

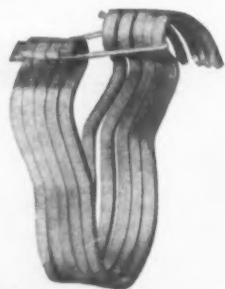
You never have to reride the messenger to replace or respace rings. In fact you simplify and speed up the whole job of cable hanging when you use National Regular or Extra Long Cable Rings.

National Rings are easy to place and the "tension grip" holds them rigidly in position. They will not slip along or jump off the messenger.

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Argentina—Land of the Pampas

ARGENTINA owes its name to a mistake. In 1526, Sebastian Cabot sent back to Spain some silver ornaments taken from the Indians of the region and renamed the estuary which the discoverer, Juan de Solís, had 11 years earlier named "Freshwater Sea," the *Rio de la Plata*—"River of Silver." The land he named *Argentina*, "Silvery." But the silver had been brought from Bolivia!

For nearly two centuries the country was merely an appendage of Peru, seat of the Spanish rule. Ships were forbidden to trade with its ports—goods must come over the Andes from Peru!

But in 1776 a new viceroyalty was formed with Buenos Aires as the capital.

In 1810 the viceroy was driven out, and in 1816 the United Provinces of the South formed a loose confederacy. The great Liberator was José de San Martín, who returned from Spain to lead the army of revolt, and who carried the fight across the Andes and up the coast to Peru, where his army joined Bolívar's for the final victory. Internecine struggles led to a strong union, and in 1853 the new Constitution established a stable government.

Although modelled primarily on the Constitution of the United States, the Constitution forbids a President, after his six-year term, succeeding himself.

Argentina has many railroads, covering the country and developed with care for the economic increase of the land. The great Paraná River is a highway for traffic, and roads are being extended.

Climates range from subtropical in the North to sub-Antarctic in the southern tip of Patagonia. The area of over a million square miles is the second largest in South America; the population is roughly that of New York State.

Agricultural products are the main exports: wheat, corn, linseed, meat—both beef and mutton—wool. There is an extensive grape and wine region, and some mining. Limited oil lands produce some 10 million barrels yearly. A recent reciprocal trade agreement between Argentina and the United States will increase mutual trade.

Rotary in Argentina started in Buenos Aires in 1919. On January 1, 1942, there were 112 Clubs with about 2,500 members in the Republic.

The attention of readers who desire to perfect themselves in Spanish is called to *REVISTA ROTARIA*, Spanish-language edition of *THE ROTARIAN*.

ARGENTINA debe su nombre a un error. En 1526, Sebastián Caboto envió a España algunos ornamentos de plata obtenidos de los indios de la región y cambió el nombre del estuario que el descubridor, Juan de Solís, había llamado 11 años antes "Mar de Agua Dulce", a Río de la Plata. Al país lo llamó Argentina, pero la plata había sido traída de Bolivia.

Por cerca de dos siglos el país no era sino un apéndice del Perú, sede de la administración española. No se permitía la entrada de barcos a sus puertos—las mercancías tenían que venir desde el Perú, cruzando los

Andes. Pero en 1776 se estableció un nuevo virreinato, con Buenos Aires como capital.

En 1810 se expulsó al virrey, y en 1816 las Provincias Unidas del Sur formaron una especie de confederación. El gran libertador fué José de San Martín, que volvió de España a encabezar el ejército insurgente, y llevó la guerra, a través de los Andes y por la costa, hasta el Perú, donde, unido a Bolívar, logró la victoria final. Luchas intestinas determinaron una fuerte unión, y en 1853 la nueva Constitución creó un gobierno estable.

Tomando primordialmente como modelo la Constitución de los Estados Unidos, la Constitución prohíbe al Presidente que, terminado su período de seis años, se suceda a sí mismo.

Argentina cuenta con muchos ferrocarriles, que cruzan el país y que han sido trazados con vista al mejoramiento económico del mismo. El gran Río Paraná es una importante vía de comunicación, y la red de carreteras crece.

Los climas varían desde el subtropical, en el norte, hasta el subantártico, en el extremo meridional de la Patagonia. El área del país, de más de un millón de millas cuadradas, lo coloca en segundo lugar entre los de Sud América; la población es más o menos igual a la del estado de Nueva York.

Los principales productos de exportación son agrícolas: trigo, maíz, linaza, carne—tanto de vaca como de carnero—, lana. Existe una extensa región productora de uvas y vino, y alguna minería. Limitadas regiones petrolíferas producen unos 10 millones de barriles al año. Un reciente tratado comercial entre la Argentina y los Estados Unidos incrementará el comercio entre ambos países.

Rotary se inició en la Argentina en Buenos Aires, en 1919. El 1.º de Enero de 1942 había en el país 112 clubes con cerca de 2,500 socios.



Little Lessons on Latin America

No. 2

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Volume LX

Number 2

FEBRUARY, 1942

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It's Our Pleasure to Present—

The Third Vice-President of Rotary International, ARTHUR S. FITZGERALD, of Windsor, Ontario, Canada. He is an accountant in civil life, and has come up through the ranks to head his own company. Though born in Belfast, Northern Ireland, he is completely a



FitzGerald

Canadian, since he has lived in the Dominion most of his life.

Always the champion of the less privileged, MOHANDAS K. GANDHI relinquished a lucrative law practice for service of the Indian population in South Africa. In 1915 he returned to India and has since become known to all the world for his campaigns for independence of that country and for the caste-buried "untouchables." On December 30, 1941, Mr. GANDHI resigned as "de facto" leader of the All-India Congress Party to continue his policy of nonviolence. The party will participate, on a limited basis, in Britain's war effort.

After ten years in Sweden's diplomatic service, C. HARALD TROLLE settled down to be a successful banker. He has served Rotary as Governor of his District and as a member of Rotary's European Advisory and Extension Committees.

The *Scandal Sheet* of the Graham, Texas, Rotary Club is one of the well-circulated local "Club pubs" and while its associate editor, O. V. KOEN, principal of Graham's Junior High School, gathered the material for his article in this issue. He is still associate editor, and is currently President of his Club.

Because his solutions were always so simple, the hero of ROBERT R. UPDEGRAFF's first book was named "Obvious" Adams, which has caused associates to call the author, now a well-known business counsellor, "OBVIOUS" UPDEGRAFF! He has written many business books and articles, some of the latter for THE ROTARIAN.

—THE CHAIRMEN

THE ROTARIAN Magazine is indexed in *The Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature*



Published monthly by Rotary International. President: TOM J. DAVIS, Butte, Mont., U.S.A.; Secretary: CHESLEY R. PERRY, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.; Treasurer: RUFUS F. CHAPIN, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A. Magazine Committee Members: J. RAYMOND TIFFANY, Hoboken, N. J., U.S.A. (Chairman); STANLEY C. FORBES, Brantford, Ont., Canada; JULIO GERLEIN COMELIN, Barranquilla, Colombia; CHAS. L. WHEELER, San Francisco, Calif., U.S.A.; YEN TE-CHING, Nanking, China.

Subscription Rates: \$1.50 the year in U. S., Canada, and other countries, to which minimum postal rate applies; \$2.00 elsewhere; single copies 25c. REVISTA ROTARIA (Spanish edition), \$1.25.

As its official publication this magazine carries authoritative notices and articles on Rotary International. Otherwise, no responsibility is assumed for statements of authors. Any use of fictionalized names that correspond to names of actual persons is unintentional and is to be regarded as a coincidence. No responsibility is assumed for return of unsolicited manuscripts. THE ROTARIAN is registered in the United States Patent Office. The contents are copyrighted, 1942, by Rotary International.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 30, 1918, at the Post Office, Chicago, Ill.; act of March 3, 1879.

THE ROTARIAN MAGAZINE

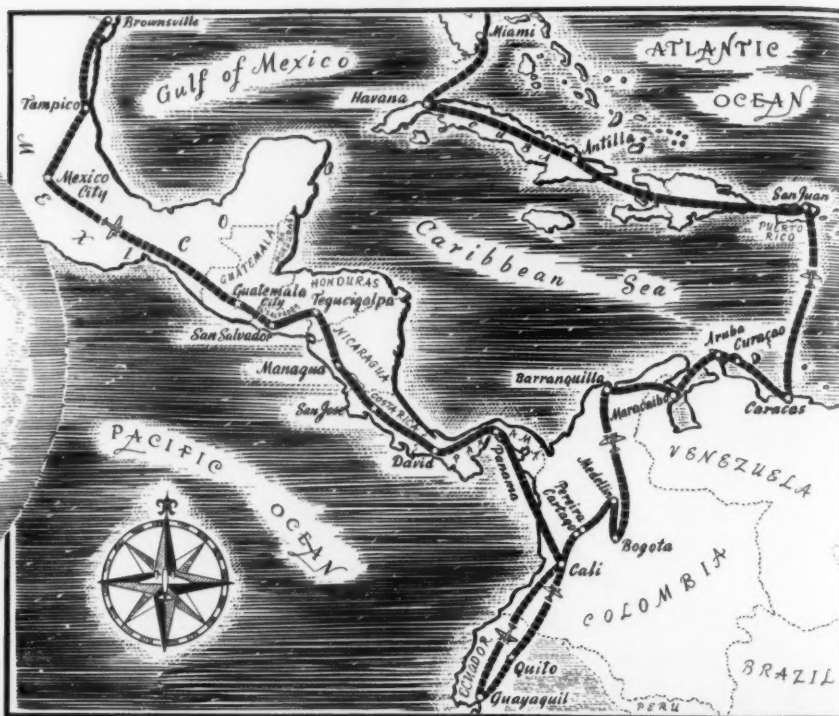
Editor: Leland D. Case

Business and Advertising Manager: Paul Teetor

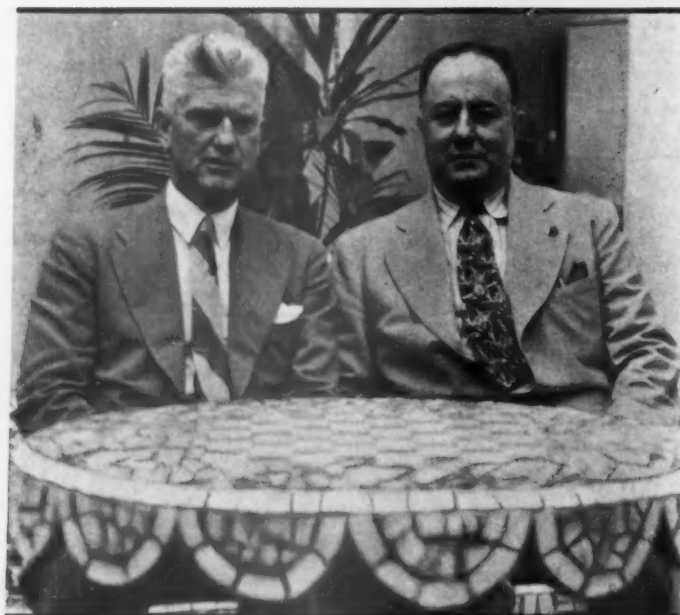
Editorial, Business, and General Advertising Offices: 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago. Cable Address: Interotary, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A. Advertising Representatives: Eastern—W. W. Constantine, 116 East 16th St., New York City; Southeastern—S. G. Cox, Ingraham Building, Miami, Fla.; and 750 3rd St., Atlanta, Ga.

The Davises visit Latin America

It was a flying trip—quick though long—but the five weeks Rotary's First Couple recently spent with Rotarians in 11 Ibero-American lands gave President Tom J. Davis a fresh insight into the movement's vitality in that region. His article and the accompanying photos tell the story.



Map by Ben Albert Benson



DONNING the big sombreros of the charro and the spangles of the china poblana, Rotarians and their ladies of Puebla, Mexico, treat the Davises to a colorful ball. It is magnifico!

IN NICARAGUA, President Davis is privileged to chat with the President of the Republic, General Anastasio Somoza. They are seen together (left) in a corner of the garden of Dr. G. Ramirez Brown, Past Vice-President of Rotary International, in Managua. . . . In Costa Rica, Rotarians take the President to the top of the volcano Irazu (below)—and he films the sight.



My Fellow Rotarians —

By Tom J. Davis

President, Rotary International

BUTTE, MONTANA
December 23, 1941

LESS THAN 24 hours ago Hester and I looked out of the windows of a plane sweeping in over the Butte airfield, and we saw below us the pattern of our home town. We were *home*—home after an 8,000-mile Rotary trip to 11 Latin-American countries. Never have we been greeted with such warmth, such hospitality, with such manifestations of the reality of Rotary. We feel humble about it all. For it was not to greet Tom Davis and his wife that Rotarians of all these lands below the Rio Grande tumbled out of their beds at unreasonable early-morning hours, journeyed to airports, called special meetings, and poured forth without stint their choicest expressions of friendship. It was for Rotary—a Rotary that overnight took on newly significant meanings as headlines and radio reports told of new perils, new challenges.

But now we are home, and I am sure that patriots of all lands will know how I feel as I recall those lines from Scott:

Breathes there the man with soul so dead

*Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!*

*Whose heart hath ne'er within him
burn'd*

*As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
From wandering on a foreign strand!*

Patriotism always has been next to religion for me. Today, as I write these lines, that word is more than a word. It is a passion. Sharing more intimately their experience, I now better understand my friends whom I visited over in embattled Britain but a few weeks ago, and in my heart I have a new understanding for thousands upon thousands of my Rotary comrades scattered around the world.

"Rotary expects every Rotarian to live up to his full obligation as a citizen." How often we have said these words. How clear their importance now becomes to thousands

and more of us. How reassuring it is to realize that in discharging our obligations to our respective countries, we are doing what Rotary expects of us. How prophetic and farseeing were the words of our late President John Nelson, of Canada, when in *THE ROTARIAN* for November, 1933, he wrote:

A sane, sturdy patriotism is not inconsistent with Rotary principles. It is, instead, the very basis of Rotary's Sixth Object,* namely, international goodwill. Rotary . . . does not supersede patriotism. It rather tends to stimulate it.

Today, Rotary is not the Rotary of 1933. Then we had Clubs in Germany, Italy, and Japan, as well as in other countries where they have ceased to exist. Today most of the countries having Rotary Clubs have entered World War II, and on the side of democracy.

Rotary International has consistently realized that it should not, indeed it could not, tell any country what should be its national policy, what course it should take. But I would remind you that at Havana we adopted a resolution titled "Rotary Amid World Conflict" which declared in part:

. . . Rotary is based on the ideal of service, and where freedom, justice, truth, sanctity of the pledged word, and respect for human rights do not exist, Rotary cannot live nor its ideal prevail. These principles, which are indispensable to Rotary, are vital to the maintenance of international peace and order and to human progress.

In countries where Rotary Clubs operate freely, obviously the requisite conditions obtain. And it of course follows from the Havana resolution that Rotary International, the organization, has no desire for or interest in interfering with forms of government in such countries.

As a Rotarian, I should be ever mindful of my fellow Rotarians in occupied countries, in countries which circumstances compel to re-

* In 1935 the Sixth Object became the Fourth Object. It reads: "[...] to encourage and foster] The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service."

A letter from your President giving ample answer to the question: 'What can Rotary do in a world at war?'

main neutral, in countries which have not yet reached their decision as to joining in the world conflict. In all such countries, my fellow Rotarians must, as good citizens, conform to national policies and decisions. And just as I have regarded as improper the well-intentioned efforts of Rotarians in other lands to use Rotary to force a decision from my Government favorable to theirs, so must I guard against similar action on my part now that my country is a belligerent. It is sufficient to know that Rotarians of all lands are united in fellowship and ideals.

Our Governments will tell us what is expected of us as loyal, patriotic citizens . . . though the Rotarian who makes crankshafts, airplanes, or gunpowder, or who raises cotton, wool, or wheat already fully comprehends where his greatest opportunity for national service lies. But what does "national service" mean when applied to a Rotary Club?

National service is, in reality, often but an extension of and an intensification of what we have long called Community Service. For example, here is a Rotary Club which, in kinder times, had as a continuing "project" the beautification of its community. It bordered a mile of streets with trees. It gave the city a park.

THAT was Community Service. Today the same Club is recruiting air-raid wardens for the defense of its city—"to preserve what we've got." This, too, is Community Service, but so intimately is it linked with national fortune that we can call it national service.

Our Rotary fellows in countries long at war have shown how often and in what diverse ways Rotary Clubs can give helpful patriotic service to their communities, and you have read about these in the *Rotary Reporter* section of *THE ROTARIAN*. (Rotary's Central Office in Chicago has several excellent papers suggesting others—all



IN QUITO, Ecuador, President Davis helps lay the cornerstone for a children's hospital ward. . . . And at Curaçao, Netherlands West Indies (right), talks to the Club.

free for the asking.*) Recall these:

Somehow, the little Rotary Club of Sale, down in Southwestern Australia, learned that military hospitals were in urgent need of medical cupboards and splints . . . so the 20 members "took over" a Rotarian's carpentry shop for a few evenings, jerked off their coats and neckties, and shot 150 cases and 50 splints down the line.

Sale's big neighbor to the east, Adelaide, knows something about national service, too. Just one detail of its program is its Business Guidance Committee—which includes all 124 Adelaide Rotarians. For two years, now, that Committee has been giving free and expert business counsel to the wives and sons of soldiers and sailors who are trying to carry on the family enterprise where Dad left off when his call came. In Springs, South Africa, a Rotary bureau gives the same kind of counsel. Here, Vocational Service becomes national service.

A spot of tea or coffee and some sweets go a long way with a tired fighting man. Down at the docks in Bombay, India, as in scores of other cities the world around, he has but to amble over to the Ro-

tary mobile canteen—to help himself to plenty of the same. In Batavia, Netherlands Indies, Rotarians have dug deep into their pockets for suffering humanity, on the one hand, and for more bombers, on the other. Rotarians, too, can be realistic.

The men in the services are young men—and a mere mention of that is a reminder of Rotary's abiding interest in Youth Service. That can be adapted to the new problem. We can help keep "the boys" supplied with magazines, "smokes," home-town newspapers. We can have them out to dinner in our homes or in our Rotary Clubs—if there's a camp near.

IF WE HAVE no local camp, we can take a page from the Rotary Club of Clayton, Missouri, and fête each new "batch" of selective servicemen leaving for camp at a Club luncheon and then see them off at the railroad station. Princeton, Missouri, Rotarians get the names of all selectees from the local Selective Service Board. Each member "adopts" one or more of these local sons, sends him holiday gifts, drops him an occasional note, keeps him in touch with the old home town—for which he has probably discovered a new and nostalgic yearn-

ing. We can stage dances, provide comfortable inexpensive sleeping quarters for men on leave, make certain they have recreation rooms in our community. Inexhaustible is the list of what Rotary Clubs can do for the boys in uniform. And when I suggest such activities, I merely echo what dozens of Clubs have already done. . . . to keep that vital element, soldier morale, in A-1 condition.

Look to Toronto, Ontario, Canada, to which Rotary shall go in June for its 1942 Convention, for



yet another example of how Rotary Youth Service directly becomes national service. There the Rotary Club sponsors a Youth Training Corps—some 400 lads from 16 to 19 who receive physical conditioning and military training which will fit them splendidly for regular military service when their hour comes. The Corps is affiliated with the 48th Highlanders of Canada, and its success augurs the formation of similar youth training corps throughout the northern nation.

This is not to say, by any means, that all the old forms of Rotary service need adaptation. Not at all. We must keep at them . . . every one of them . . . hard. Our Crippled-Children Work, our student loans, our fresh-air camps, our Scout troops, our trade-associations work—all must go on, even more intensively than ever. For they help to make strong communities—and strong communities make strong nations. If Ro-

* *My Job and National Defense*, No. 508; *Rotary Clubs and National Defense*, No. 603; *Service to Servicemen*, No. 653; *Youth and National Defense*, No. 652; *Building Community Morale*, No. 601.

tary Clubs have worked closely with, say, societies for crippled children in years past—and I am proud to say they have—how much more zealous should their efforts now be. If Rotarians have given a willing hand to the Red Cross, the Y.M.C.A., 4-H Club boys and girls, the youths in Junior Achievement companies—how much greater is the need for that very service now. For we are building not for today, not for some immediate tomorrow, but for the ages of peace which we swear shall bless our children's children and their children. We must watch our boys and girls, counsel them in work most useful. The lack of an adequate apprenticeship program recently hit manufacturers and tradesmen of my country hard. Rotarians may find opportunity for service here.

Rotary Clubs are autonomous bodies, within the Constitution of Rotary International. They may choose their own forms of service . . . may execute them largely as

stations to homes. . . . They provide mobile canteens, ambulances, war planes, X-ray units. . . . They establish and maintain rest houses. . . . Donate new and old radio sets and phonographs to camps and antiaircraft batteries. . . . Collect old gold and silver trinkets for conversion to war funds. . . . Volunteer their blood for the vitally needed "blood banks." . . . Entertain soldiers and sailors and airmen from all parts of the Empire stationed in Britain. . . . Equip military huts with furniture, literature. . . . Give shoes and clothing for "bombed out" citizens. . . . Supply manpower for virtually every kind of British activity—roof-top watchers, fire wardens, home guards, and all the rest. And all this is but a beginning of the list.

As did these Britons, the Canadians, the Australians, and all the others before them, my fellow Americans, I am told, accepted this greatly unwanted war calmly. These are *not* times for hysterics.

As a Rotarian, as a Rotary Club, look at your situation fairly, squarely—as I saw Britons doing. Keep it in mind that your Club is a cross section of the men of your community. An organization ready for action. A band of community leaders, ready for work on virtually any job—gifted for the responsible jobs, but not above the drudgery.

NOT the least important fact of a Rotary Club's natural contribution to a nation at war is that its members meet each week, and eat and, yes, sing together. And, by the way, let's keep on singing!

That is Club Service . . . but it's important to civilian morale. Great Britain had been at war only a few months when a member of the Rotary Club of Cheshunt and Waltham Abbey wrote:

Although there has been no spoken admission of the fact, there is an indefinable something in the atmosphere of our Club these days, suggesting that the fellows find it a haven from the stress and strain of wartime demands upon the individual. To employ a crude simile, our meetings resemble a luxurious armchair into which a tired being is glad to place himself and relax for a while. Warm fellowship is evident, and each meeting serves to refresh us for the duties ahead. We are young in Rotary, but already we have tasted its benefits. It must not, however, be taken that we are just lazing along, unmindful of the useful tasks our Club can tackle. Indeed, we can claim to have borne a share. . . .

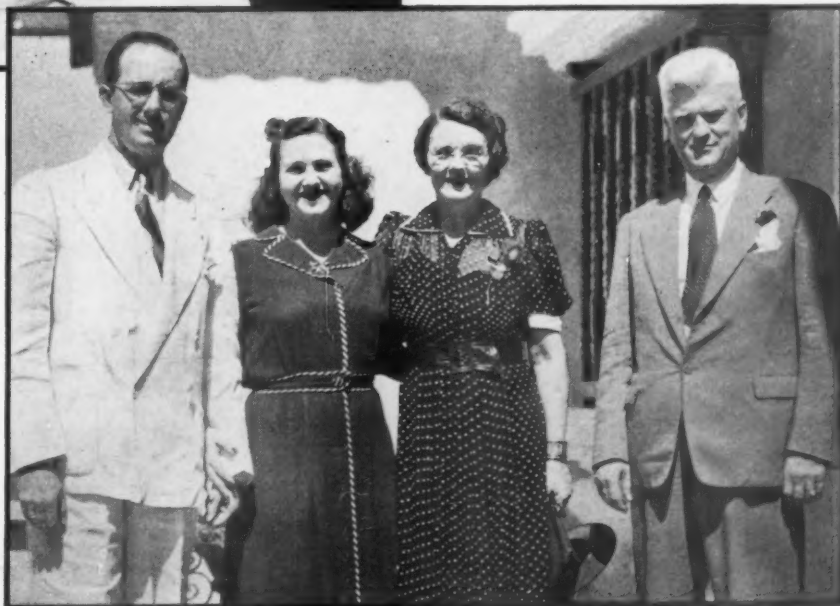
If Rotary meant that much to British Rotarians at the onset of the war, [Continued on page 55]



A FESTIVE DINNER, marked by the presence of many distinguished guests, honors Rotary's President and his lady at Medellín, Colombia. . . . At Maracaibo, Venezuela, Mario Belloso, Governor of the 44th District, and his wife entertain the Davises at their splendid home in the suburbs (right).

they see fit. Answering the challenge of national service, their ingenuity and sincerity will discover countless opportunities to them. I call your attention to what Clubs in Great Britain are doing.

They "adopt" minesweepers and other vessels, providing the crews with tobacco, sweets, books, games, magazines. . . . They operate "night transport" services to enable men on leave to get from





What Americans Believe

By Elmo Roper

The man who makes opinion polls for Fortune magazine reports what his countrymen have decided on a few timely questions.

All power, even the most despotic, rests ultimately upon public opinion.—HUME.

EYES OF THE world are upon the United States. People in lands both friendly and unfriendly anxiously ask:

Do the Americans *really* believe in democracy?

Do they *really* believe in individual enterprise?

Are they *deadly* in earnest about safeguarding their way of living?

For eight years it has been my business to put just such questions to Americans, to total and to analyze their replies. I can now assure you that in each case the answer is *Yes!*

An overwhelming majority of Americans definitely like the idea of a democracy and want no other form of government. But only 5 percent think that democracy and the individual-enterprise system are breaking down. Two-thirds of all Americans believe the present democratic type of government, based upon the Constitution, is as nearly perfect as it can be and that no fundamental changes are needed, even to cope with emergencies.

If one thing is clear, it is that citizens of the United States may look forward to effecting whatever

changes in their government that seem to be needed, within the framework of their present way of life. Emergencies may call for emergency action, but the norm of democratic life has been established and to it the nation will return when the emergency is past.

A bare majority of Americans with opinions on the subject—and most people do have opinions on this subject—would like to be in some sort of business for themselves. The spirit of the entrepreneur still lives in the United States and one may confidently expect that many people will continue to attempt to set themselves up in business.

A bare majority of people with opinions on the subject would—if they can't set up their own business—rather work for private business than for the Government. The fact that 40 percent of them would prefer the Government may be disturbing to those who like to look to private business as the chief source of employment, but in passing judgment one must remember that for the past 12 years in the United States a Government job has held certain visible advantages in pay, working conditions, and security. That a majority would prefer to take their ups and downs with private business rather than enjoy what must look to many as the well-paid

security of Government jobs indicates that rugged individualism is far from dead.

A majority of the people, despite the ravages of many depression years, still believe that the future holds for them a good chance for advancement. Americans are a hopeful and optimistic people. A majority think that their own personal opportunities to succeed are better than their fathers' opportunities were and that their sons' opportunities will be even better than their own.

A half of all the people say that they would be perfectly satisfied with an income of less than \$3,000 a year. Only 5.2 percent say they need as much as \$10,000 in order to be perfectly satisfied—and 20 percent would be happy with less than \$1,500 a year. There is little evidence here that Americans, as a people, have demands beyond the power of realization.

A majority of youths, from 9 to 19, say flatly that if anyone finds it impossible to earn his own way in life, it's his own fault. This may be the cruel judgment of youth, and later experience with life may cause some to change their minds, but it is further evidence that the next generation is not starting out with a defeatist complex, or with a feeling that anyone owes them a living.

Two-thirds of the American peo-

ple believe that it is an obligation of government to provide for all who have no other means of earning a living. Slightly more than one-half of the prosperous people who have convictions on the subject believe this. As to how firmly they believe this we see when we find that they would still be in favor of this if it meant higher taxes for business, higher taxes for themselves, and higher prices for commodities, but they would not be in favor of it if it meant more government competition with industry, the abolition of strikes, or the end of the capitalistic system. In other words, a readjustment of the responsibilities of government toward the unfortunate is wanted—but it is a readjustment of viewpoint that is wanted, not a change in the form of government.

More than two-thirds believe there should be no legal limit on the amount of money a man may earn in a year. Unless the necessities of war decree otherwise, the United States is apparently to continue on for a while at least as the land where the poor but honest

boy can become a millionaire and still be respected.

The public frequently takes such a firm stand on some subjects that it makes no difference how we phrase the question. The public sticks to its guns and gives us back answers indicating a crystallized and unshakable opinion. One such attitude has to do with defense strikes.

Months before war was declared, the public had decided that it would not tolerate strikes in defense industries (70 percent against strikes about wages, 66 percent about hours), with jurisdictional strikes between two unions in the same shop the most unpopular (72 percent), and strikes over working conditions coming closest to being tolerated (58 percent). Factory labor itself voted "No" to strikes in defense industries for any cause excepting working conditions. Though we "loaded" the questions both pro-labor and antilabor, the results were approximately the same as to the "unloaded" question.

The public, in short, was ready to see any necessary steps taken against any union or anyone else

who promoted strikes in defense industries. This does not mean the public is antilabor, because the public has repeatedly shown that it has a deep sympathy for the workingman and a profound conviction that he doesn't do too well in getting his share of the rewards of industry. (The public said "No" to the question: Should the Government prohibit strikes in nondefense industries?) But it does mean that the public has for some time been ready to present unions with the same ultimatum which it gave certain phases of business: police yourselves or be prepared to be policed by government.

A majority of Americans in every walk of life believe that the interests of employers and employees are, by their very nature, basically the same—not different. This would seem to forecast a lessening of labor troubles as both employers and employees come to a better, more mature understanding of what their interests really are. The war is, of course, hastening this process.

Eight years of experience in asking many thousands of Americans several thousand questions and analyzing their answers has given me an increased respect for the common man. He may be uninformed more often than we'd

"THE SPIRIT of the entrepreneur still lives . . . and many people will continue to attempt to set themselves up in business."



like to see him, but he is fundamentally possessed of a vast store of commonsense. People who worry because the balance of power rests with the working classes commonly make two mistakes: they overestimate the amount of information the lower economic-level man has on any given subject, and they underestimate his native commonsense. Consequently, they are always being surprised when his commonsense brings him through to a wise decision on that subject.

With some admitted few exceptions I would go so far as to say that any individual business or any industry or any political administration to which the average American says, "Thumbs down," is either guilty of what the public charges it with or is guilty of what is today only a somewhat lesser crime—that of not putting the straightforward facts about itself in the possession of this common man. Question asking has also convinced me that when the common man knows the facts, so that he may with some degree of accuracy anticipate the probable results of any given action, he is as apt to steer a wise course as is any lifetime scholar.

The second major conclusion I have arrived at is that a way must be found, under some form of capitalistic society, to redistribute earning opportunity. The United States cannot continue to go forward with a system of dividing the rewards of industry on a plan that permits some men to get a disproportionately large share and some a disproportionately small share—so that we can then have the fun of creating for ourselves the problem of how to rectify the situation through a cumbersome system of taxes and organized charity. A more equitable distribution by industry itself is essential. That should be kept in mind as a post-war objective.

Third, I should say that America has the problem of how to make democracy function better by clearing out the channels of communication between the common man and the thought leaders, the industrial leaders, and the political leaders. A way must be made—and I recommend governmentally operated public-opinion surveys, set up with personnel

much as the Supreme Court is set up—to find out what America thinks.

When that is done, two salutary results will follow. First, in those fields where the average man exhibits his customary commonsense, his voice will be a deterrent to pressure-group legislation. Second, those areas of ignorance which are bound to exist in any country will be ferreted out and charted so that our educators and our thought leaders can do a better job of education.

The war may postpone the real-



"ANALYZING answers has given me an increased respect for the common man . . . possessed of a vast store of commonsense."

ization of this objective, or it is possible that it will hasten it. In any event, let all remember that progress for the American way of living depends upon having an intelligent and articulate people.

...

Pollman's Progress

"But how are opinion polls made? And are they accurate?"

Those two questions were put to Mr. Roper by the Editors on behalf of ROTARIAN readers, and here is what Mr. Roper said:

The polls which have made a habit of being right when election day rolls around are all based on the theory of scientific, selective sampling. The theory is very old. We did not originate it. For years it has been known that if you took, judiciously, a certain number of buckets out of a carload of wheat and determined their value, you could arrive at the value of the entire carload—within reasonable limits. Mathematicians have developed some very interesting laws regarding prob-

able chance and error and we simply apply them to humans.

Your two questions are really three:

1. How can you be sure that you select a proper sample for interviewing?
2. How do you word or phrase the questions so that they mean what you want them to mean to everyone who hears them?
3. How do you get the field work itself done?

Our first problem is to set up an America in microcosm. We want each constituent element of the population represented in its proper proportions. Obviously, this calls for a certain number of controls.

First, *geographic-area control*. If 3 percent of the population of the United States lives in the Mountain States, we want 3 percent of our answers, no more nor less, to come from the Mountain States. On many questions, people in a region tend to have similar opinions. If it were disproportionately represented, our whole sample would be off.

Second, *size-of-place control*. If 10 percent lives in cities of 10,000-25,000, we want 10 percent of our sample to come from cities of that size. Obviously, the agricultural areas and small towns vote differently from the city people on subjects having to do with farms, farm relief, and farm problems.

Third, *sex control*. We find that the sexes do react differently. For example, if you offer men a four-part attitude question, in which you range the questions from extreme approval through two intermediate steps to extreme disapproval, the men customarily fall into one of the two extremes, whereas the women customarily fall into one of the two moderate states.

Fourth, *age control*. People of different ages don't think alike. For most purposes 40 is a good dividing age. People over 40 are a little more conservative, more apt to express irritation, railing at this and that, the drinking habits of the young, etc., whereas those younger than 40 are apt to be railing at some economic or fancied economic maldistribution.

Fifth, *occupation control*. If lawyers constitute 1 percent of the public, we don't want more than 1 percent to be lawyers.

Sixth, *economic-level control*. This is all-important—and here experts disagree partly because it is a rather confusing subject. You can't take dollar income as your guide, because a man running a shoe store in Dubuque, married, with no children, and with an income of \$5,000 a year, finds himself in a certain walk of life. Give that same \$5,000 income to an assistant sales manager in New York with three daughters of school age, and he isn't in the same [Continued on page 56]

Swedish Rotary Carries On

By **C. Harald Trolle**

Banker, Kalmar, Sweden

An inspiring saga of Rotary courage—translated and adapted from the magazine Rotary Norden, Göteborg.

IF WE LOOK about us in our tattered part of the world, we find that the Rotary movement, which a few years ago was so strong, has now almost vanished. In 1937 there were 481 Clubs on the European Continent, with 16,920 members; now there is a total of about 160 Clubs with approximately 6,200 members.

It is a frightful decline, which would be a death blow to our movement had it been brought about by a loss of interest, which is not the case. Our Rotary friends in some 20 countries have against their will and by force been obliged to stop their Rotary activities. Clubs now remain in only six countries of the European Continent: Sweden, Denmark, Finland, Switzerland, Portugal, Hungary, and—to the best of my knowledge—in unoccupied France.

In Sweden if some diminution of interest is to be noted, it can easily be explained by external circumstances. Yet I cannot but think it is due in part to the stagnation we permitted to start a few years ago when contacts between Clubs slackened. Our charter nights, though not showy, did bring Clubs together and developed acquaintance. Our District Conferences were attended by several hundred persons, and bonds of friendship were tightened.

Yet despite difficulties, our Swedish District now has 41 Clubs with 1,850 members—about 30 percent of the total membership on the European Continent. Ours is, therefore, a great responsibility: the duty of keeping the flame of Rotary burning in a dark and dreary time.

In these hectic times it is not surprising that one sometimes hears voices within Rotary asking whether the whole Rotary idea has not suffered shipwreck. Many of us grope in a terrifying darkness, and find it easiest to take each succeeding day as it comes

without giving thought as to the reconstruction work which must come some day.

But should it not be just the opposite? Should not men who have the capacity for altruistic feeling and thought now more than ever before in their lives seek each other instead of unresistingly and apathetically bowing before the heavy blows of fate?

In Rotary in Sweden, and perhaps quite generally within our movement, the greatest interest has been shown in the Fourth Object: understanding, goodwill, and peace among mankind. I believe in spite of everything that even if Rotary's voice has now been officially silenced in many places and is only weakly heard in other places, its way of thinking can be the seed from which crops of mutual understanding can eventually grow. Peace will come some day and then the broken bonds will have to be retied; the good Rotarians who can be found in every country will certainly be worthy workers in this service.

Rotary is not concerned only with international matters, however. We have the three older Objects embodied in the Club, Vocational, and Community Services. Every time a new member is taken into our circle there should be a speech or at least a statement about these for his instruction. During my Governorship I visited a Club which had adopted the excellent custom of ending each meeting by having the chairman read the Four Objects. It was a brief ceremony, both beautiful and instructive, and gave the short luncheon a touch of solemnity and seriousness which was quite appropriate.

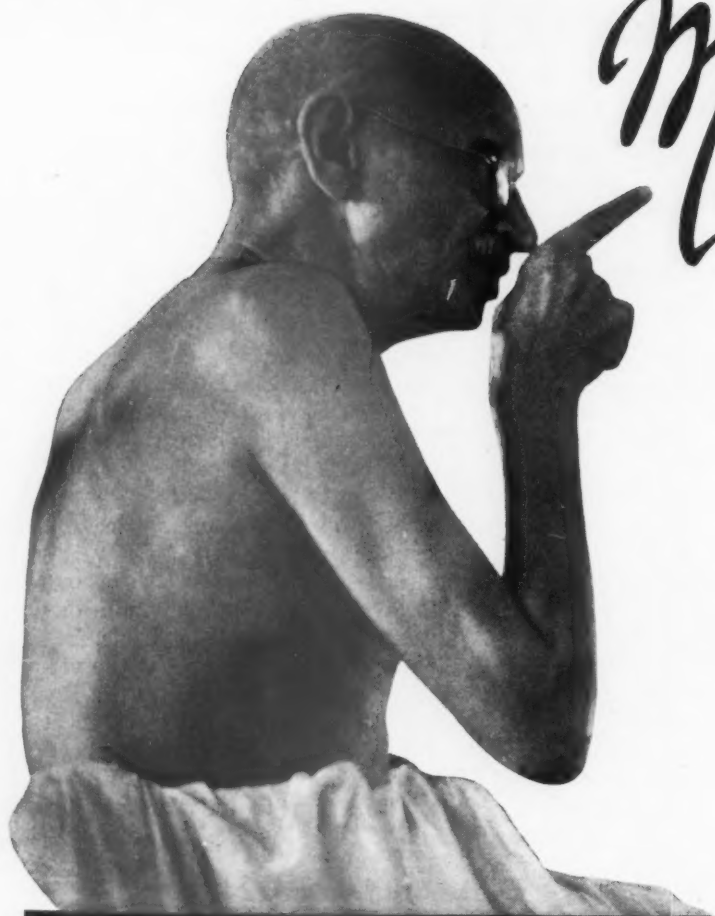
The Rotary Club of Landskrona had a discussion some months ago concerning Rotary's future. The Club's Past President, Rotarian Wihlborg, ended his particularly profound address with the following words: "Just as Christianity

with its commandment to mankind, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God before all things and thy neighbor as thyself,' can never be smothered, so shall Rotary's service ideal never be broken down. To work unselfishly for righteousness and human solidarity, for truth and right, this is certainly something which belongs to the kingdom of eternity. Fellow Rotarians, let us never tire of our Rotary work. We must plan our work on a long-range basis, but we must never doubt that the victory will once more be to the Rotary ideal."

Perhaps no generation has been tried harder than ours. But does not some of the guilt for this condition cling to us? Have not selfishness and the profit motive been the driving forces in almost everything that has happened? At best it often has been a question of "doing well for myself and harming no one else," and our generation has very rarely raised itself beyond that point.

ROTARY'S true goal, if I may say so, is to develop the human being within us, to bring forth the good in us, and to help us put our inner powers into practice in our daily lives. The ideal of service should be a direction post for all our activities. Rotary desires that sound and honest principles should prevail in all businesses and professions, and finally that every member to the best of his ability should help his fellow beings.

When we are tempted to ask, "What is Rotary actually doing to justify its existence?" would it not be more honest and more correct if instead we asked, "What am I as a Rotarian doing to justify Rotary's existence?" If we can answer that question satisfactorily, the first question is unnecessary. We must not forget that it is the individual Rotarian who makes the Rotary Club.



My 7 Points for Peace

By Mohandas K. Gandhi

THIS ARTICLE is sixth in the "World to Live In" series, airing that most basic of all problems: reorganizing affairs of men so that future wars shall be unnecessary. . . . H. G. Wells, it will be recalled, led off in September with "Bases for a Lasting Peace." Subsequent writers stressed the rôle of science in the post-war world. . . . Mr. Gandhi has a different approach. Probably few readers will agree with his views, yet they are of interest because, if for no other reason, of his important rôle in recent Indian affairs (see biographical note, page 5). . . . In a succeeding installment, Sir Norman Angell, Nobel peace prize winner, will seek to clarify issues arising as sovereign nations coöperate more closely.—EDS.

1. *Equal Distribution.* The real implication of equal distribution is that each man shall have the wherewithal to supply all his natural needs and no more. For example, if one man has a weak digestion and requires only a quarter of a pound of flour for his bread and another needs a pound, both should be in a position to satisfy their wants.

To bring this ideal into being, the entire social order has got to be reconstructed. A society based on nonviolence cannot nurture any other ideal. We may not, perhaps, be able to realize this goal, but we must bear it in mind and

work unceasingly to come close to it. To the same extent as we progress toward our goal, we shall find contentment and happiness, and to that extent too we shall have contributed to bringing into being a nonviolent society.

2. *Individual Action.* It is perfectly possible for an individual to adopt this way of life without having to wait for others to do so. And if an individual can observe a certain rule of conduct, it follows that a group of individuals can do likewise. It is necessary for me to emphasize the fact that no one need wait for anyone else in order to adopt a right course. Men gen-

erally hesitate to make a beginning if they feel that the objective cannot be had in its entirety. Such an attitude is a bar to progress.

Now let us consider how equal distribution can be brought about through nonviolence. The first step toward it is for him who has made this ideal part of his being to bring about the necessary changes in his personal life. He would reduce his wants to a minimum, bearing in mind the poverty of India. His bearings would be free of dishonesty. The desire for speculation would be renounced. His habitation would be in keeping with the new mode of life. There would be self-restraint exercised in every sphere of life.

When he has done all that is possible in his own life, then only will he be in a position to preach his ideal among others.

3. *The Rôle of the Wealthy.* Indeed at the root of this doctrine of equal distribution must lie that of the trusteeship of the wealthy for the superfluous wealth possessed by them. For according to the doctrine they may not possess a rupee more than their neighbors.

How is this to be brought about? Nonviolently? Or should the wealthy be dispossessed of their possessions? To do this we naturally have to resort to violence. Violent action cannot benefit society. Society will be poorer, for it will lose gifts of men who know how to accumulate wealth.

Therefore, the nonviolent way is evidently superior. The rich man will be left in possession of his wealth, of which he will use what he reasonably requires for his personal needs and will act as a trustee for the remainder to be used for society. In this argument honesty on the part of the trustee is assumed.

4. *Servant of Society.* As soon as man looks upon himself as a servant of society, earns for its

New World Order

Photos: P. P. C.

sake, spends for its benefit, then purity enters into his earnings and there is *ahimsa* in his venture. Moreover, if men's minds turn toward this way of life, there will come about a peaceful revolution in society—without bitterness.

5. *Ahimsa*. It may be asked whether history at any time records such a change in human nature. Such changes have certainly taken place in individuals. One may not perhaps be able to point to them in a whole society. But this only means that up till now there has never been an experiment on a large scale in nonviolence. Somehow or other the wrong belief has taken possession of us that *ahimsa* is preëminently a weapon for individuals and its use should therefore be limited to that sphere. In fact, this is not the case. *Ahimsa* is definitely an attribute of society. To convince people of this truth is at once my effort and my experiment.

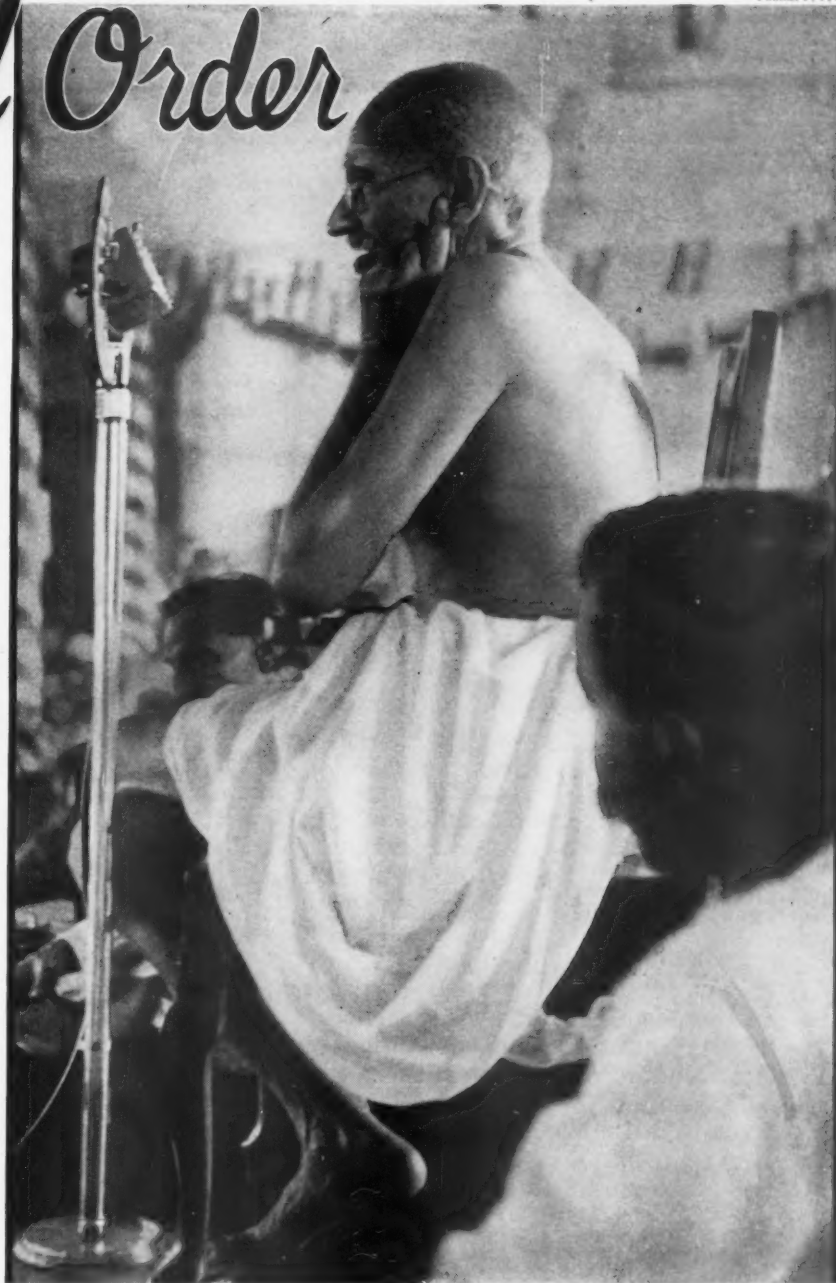
In this age of wonders no one will say that a thing or idea is worthless because it is new. To say it is impossible because it is difficult is again not in consonance with the spirit of the age. Things undreamed of are daily seen, the impossible is ever becoming possible. We are constantly being astonished these days at the amazing discoveries in the field of violence. But I maintain that far more undreamed-of and seemingly impossible discoveries will be made in the field of nonviolence. The history of religion is full of such examples.

6. *The Law of God*. To try to root out religion itself from society is a wild-goose chase. And were such an attempt to succeed, it would mean the destruction of society. Superstition, evil customs, and other imperfections creep in from age to age and mar religion for the time being. They come and go. But religion itself remains, because the existence of the world, in a broad sense, depends on religion. The ultimate definition of religion may be said

to be obedience to the law of God. God and His law are synonymous terms. Therefore God signifies an unchanging and living law. No one has really found Him. But *avatars* and prophets have, by their "tapasya," given to mankind a faint glimpse of eternal law.

7. *Nonviolent Coöperation*. If, however, in spite of the utmost effort, the rich do not become guardians of the poor in the true sense of the term and the latter are more and more crushed and die of hunger, what is to be done? In trying to find the solution to this riddle, I have lighted on non-violent coöperation as the right and infallible means. The rich

cannot accumulate wealth without the coöperation of the poor in society. Man has been conversant with violence from the beginning, for he has inherited this strength from the animal in his nature. It was only when he rose to the state of a man that the knowledge of the strength of *ahimsa* entered into his soul. This knowledge has grown within him slowly but surely. If this knowledge were to penetrate to and spread amongst the poor, they would become strong and would learn how to free themselves by means of non-violence from the crushing inequalities which have brought them to the verge of starvation.



Keep'em *Rolling* on the Burma Road

By John L. Keeshin

President, Keeshin Freight Lines, Inc.



Trucks must have repair shops—and this Chicago Rotarian tells how they were set up along China's 'lifeline.'

Photo: British Combine

MY BUSINESS is moving freight by motor trucks. That is why the Chinese Government asked our company to keep 'em rolling on the Burma Road. I'm glad to tell my fellow Rotarians about it.

You've read about that road. They say the Chinese scratched it out of the hillsides with their fingernails, and there's a lot of truth in that.

Actually, the Burma Road has three parts. From Rangoon, the seaport in Burma, to Lashio, up near the Chinese border 700 miles away, it is a railroad. From Lashio to Kunming, another 700 miles, it's a stretch of new road the Chinese have built since 1938. From Kunming to the Chinese capital, Chungking, also 700 miles, it is an older road.

I made plans to go at once, with M. I. Sheahan, our treasurer; A. B. Bassi, our operations manager; and C. W. Van Patter, our superintendent of maintenance. But one of those administrative messes popped up, as they always do, and the boys sailed without me. Sheahan was gone six months, but Bassi and Van Patter stayed out there a year.

Van Patter had a man-sized job on his hands. He had to organize, spot, import, and install 25 major or key repair shops and many

smaller ones along the 1,400-mile road; and even beyond Chungking, along the caravan route to Russia.

More than 1,000 trucks were stalled for repairs along the Burma Road when Sheahan and "Pat" got there. We had worked out a model installation, and as soon as the boys had spent 15 days in conferences with the Government, they cabled for shipments. Then the fun started.

The grades along the Burma

Road run as much as 25 percent—which means your trucks have to work like billy-be-durned all the time. That means frequent and regular overhaul and repair.

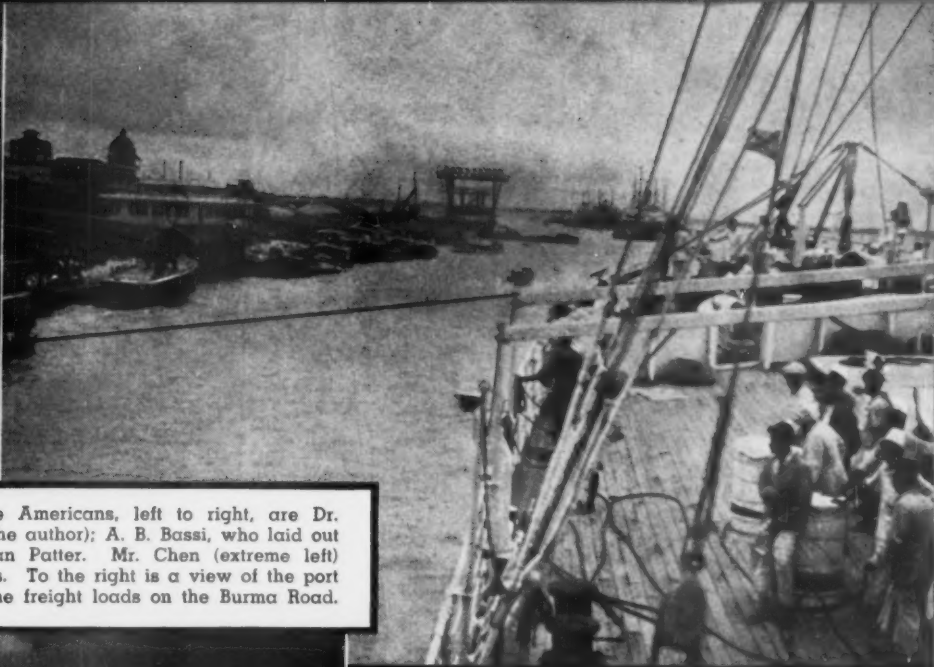
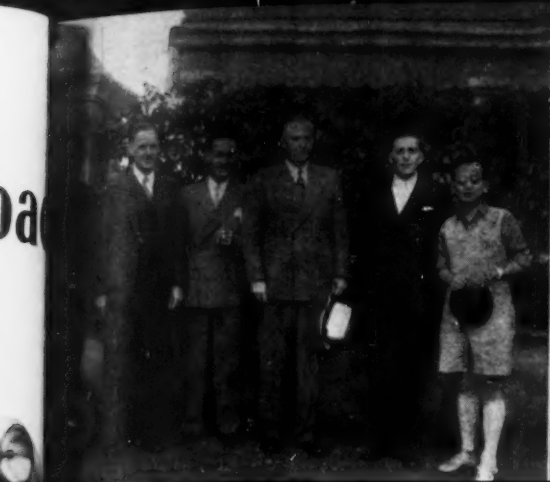
Van Patter found that his Chinese mechanics were willing, but they did make mistakes—like the time they built bodies out of heavy teakwood for light trucks, so that the whole power of the engine was needed to move the body without any load! But get this: those boys never make the same mistake twice. They learn quickly and they learn well.

Because of the tight hairpin turns and reverse curves along parts of the Burma Road, traffic cannot move there at night. But on the straighter sections, trucks roll all night, so that they can make the hard pulls by daylight.

Some of the worst wrecks were caused by drivers going to sleep at the wheel. These fellows were used to a noontime siesta, and when they tried to cut this out, they grew sleepy and dropped off during the afternoon.

Van Patter brought back a lot of pictures and from these, with some photos we borrowed, here is the story of how we kept the trucks moving along the Burma Road, from Rangoon, where all the freight is landed, to Chungking, where it has to go.





ABOVE left is our travelling party. The Americans, left to right, are Dr. J. L. Buck (former husband of Pearl Buck, the author); A. B. Bassi, who laid out the operations; M. I. Sheahan; C. W. Van Patter. Mr. Chen (extreme left) came to America to make the arrangements. To the right is a view of the port of Rangoon, Burma, starting point for all the freight loads on the Burma Road.



LASHIO, end of the railroad, where trucks take over. Once a sleepy, slow town, it is so busy now that the stamp clerk has to work on the post-office porch.

TRUCK caravans bear loads both ways. Inbound are imports for the Army; outbound, goods to pay debts.

SUPPLY TRUCKS patrol the roads with reserves of oil and gas, and materials for road repairs. They also pick up loads from breakdowns.

Photos: (above left) Metcalf; (right) Kwang; (below) R. Scott, all from Black Star





WRECKS ARE bound to happen on any road. Here it is important to bury the dead (there were three in this accident), open the narrow road to prevent tie-ups, and haul the damaged truck to the shops. We set up many small shops and 25 big ones. Small shops make running repairs, but the large ones can completely rebuild a truck.

THIS AIRPLANE picture (left) of a specially bad stretch of the road gives a first-class idea of the way it winds, but no notion at all of the steep grades necessary to get up the mountains. The new part of the road, of which this is a section, is made of crushed rock. There is plenty of it all along the right-of-way! This is tamped down by hand, and then covered with red clay from the hillsides. The clay makes a fine binder, after it is also tamped down. Thousands of coolies did this work, and toil constantly to keep the road in repair, but recently some road rollers, steam shovels, and other road-building machinery have come in, which releases men from the constant road building and helps to speed it up materially.

BELOW IS a picture taken more on the level, and you can see the "ups and downs" better. Notice that three levels of the winding mountain road show in the snapshot. Some of the freight recently arriving over the road includes drums of road oil, which will make the binding clay more waterproof and prevent disastrous washouts.

Photo: (left) British Combine





HUGE GARAGES like these were set up all along the road. Some of them are shelters, but many of them have side walls and doors as well. Thousands of trucks operate along the road, with an average

of 200 a day loading and unloading at each end of the line. Many cargoes are discharged at intermediate points, of course. Garages have loading docks and service facilities as well as repair shops.



HERE ARE some of the trucks (above) the way we found them when we went to work. Seventy percent of the trucks along the road were out of service when we started—only 30 percent when we left! That includes trucks in shops for regular overhaul, something that wasn't possible when we started. In the center (above) is a man welding a truck frame with a portable electric welder. Each key plant included a gasoline-driven electric generator for shop use. At the right is a view of a typical key shop, showing engine blocks that have been honed. Standard equipment of key shops included

three lathes with all chucks, tools, etc., motor driven. Below, another shop. Even the fenders could be straightened, as the center picture below proves. The key shops and some of the 200 minor ones also have complete truck-washing equipment, with pressure washers, as well as hydraulic presses (60-ton), 6,000-pound hydraulic jack, and other heavy tools. Every hand tool necessary to keep 'em rolling was provided. Lubrication being a prime necessity, each key shop and most of the smaller shops had complete greasing layouts, exactly as in American shops, even to signs in English.



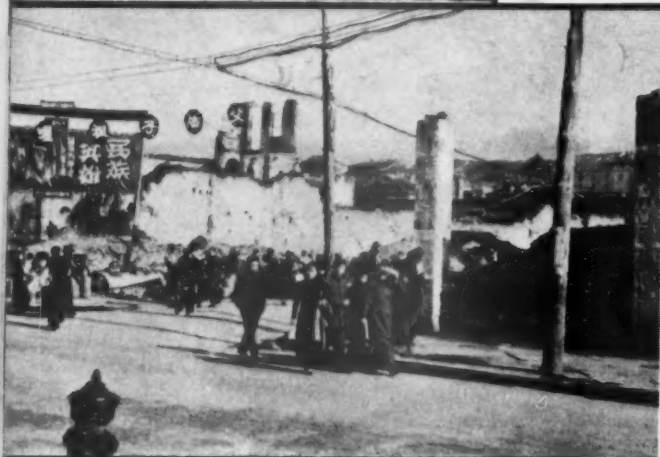
And Now—Chungking

Trucks must bypass the lovely, but very narrow, gateway at Pao-shan (left)—also the often narrow streets of many towns (right).

Chungking, China's capital and the terminus of the Burma Road, had been bombed and rebombed when our men got there. They soon got used to diving for a dug-out. Chungking Rotarians have a shelter near their meeting place and are proud of never skipping a luncheon, though air raids have automatically postponed a few.

This ends the first chapter of our story of keeping 'em rolling along this new trade artery. Our organization has been placed at the disposal of our Government, and we expect to be called soon to go back to China and improve the setup still more.

Photo: (left) PIX



ABOVE IS a view of the results of incendiary bombs in the wooden buildings of Chungking. (Below) The rocky cliffs on which the city stands are honeycombed with caves dug as bomb shelters. The piles of poles guard the cave entrances.

THIS IS the New Hostel, where our men had their quarters on their first visit to Chungking. It was bombed later, so they had to find new rooms. Below is a view of the business district, with a rickshaw, equivalent of a taxi, looking for trade. Much of the city is too hilly for their use.





"WAIT FOR ME, Daddy!" . . . a scene being enacted daily throughout Canada as more Dominion troops leave for service overseas.

CANADIAN NEWSREEL

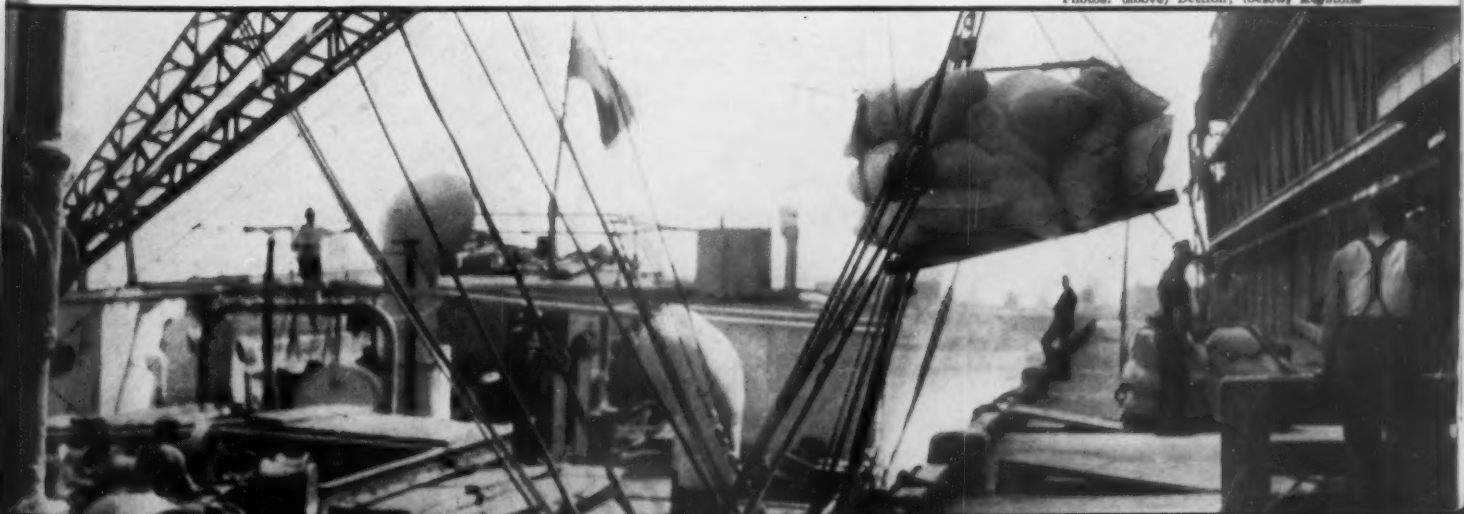
THE EYES and ears of the Rotary world focus on Canada in 1942, for Toronto, its second-largest city, is to be host to the annual Convention of Rotary International in June. This will be Rotary's second reunion in the metropolis; the first was in 1924.

Canada has an area slightly larger than that of the United States and Alaska, and has 11½ million people. It has been at war

since September 10, 1939. Its gigantic job of feeding Britain, of producing arms, and of training men does not lessen—rather, it enhances—the Dominion's reputation as an alluring vacation land, adding snap and color. As ever, Canada has the scenery; Canada knows how to entertain . . . as Rotarians will discover. Here are a few photos which highlight life in Canada as it is lived in 1942.

THROUGH its harbors, greatest of which is Montreal, Que. (below), Canada is funnelling wheat to Europe in an unending "bridge of ships."

Photos: (above) Dettloff; (below) Keystone





SHIPS and more ships. With a little caulking, even this old-timer built of wood will go back to work. War affects all phases of life. Prices and wages have been under Government control since December.

J. L. RALSTON (left), Minister of National Defense, and other high Canadian officials landing in England on a recent mission. He is an honorary Rotarian. helped the late James W. Davidson start Rotary in Australia, New Zealand

THOUGH
comes still
Rainbow B
the bridge
on the in

AIRPLANES are helping to carry out ore, open new mines in Canada's subtreasury of hardly scratched wealth. Whole new towns depend entirely on airplanes

Photos: (above left) Canadian National Film Board; (above) Acme; (below) FI





THOUGH WAR now claims the major energies of both, Canadians and Americans still have time for simple friendliness. Here, at the opening of the new Rainbow Bridge over the Niagara River, it was "hands across the border" when the bridge commissioners from the Dominion and from the United States stood on the invisible international boundary line—which the two flagstaffs flank.

TOURISTS have flocked to Canada during the past Summer and Autumn drawn by sightseeing, fishing, and hunting. Tremendous as Canada's war effort is, it in no way dulls the Dominion's vacation attractions. Here (below left) a guide shows a visiting huntsman how to get a drink of icy water from a canoe paddle. Another guide (below) holds up a moose "spread."

Photos: (below) Canadian National Railway





Photostat: Spaight of Bond Street

PLANS FOR ROTARY'S 1942 Convention in Toronto go ahead. Latest news is that His Excellency the Earl of Athlone will be a guest. These official photos show him and his wife, Princess Alice, in full court regalia. The Earl has been Governor General of the Dominion of Canada since 1940 and was Governor General of the Union of South Africa from 1923 to 1931.

Dates of the 1942 Convention, which will be the second one Rotary has held in Toronto, are to be June 21 to 25, and the huge Exhibition Grounds will be the site. While few Rotarians from countries outside the American continents may be able to attend, it is expected that attendance will be large. *Learning How to Live Together* has been announced as the Convention theme.

New Blood in Rotary

By **Arthur S. FitzGerald**

Third Vice-President Rotary International

*Old heads need not be sacrificed to admit new ones.
Senior membership solves the problem, benefits Clubs.*

ANY MAN reaching the ripe young age of 37 must do a little thinking about the next generation. Rotary, which reaches that age this month, is likewise giving more than a little thought to the vital matter of succession.

No man, however, believes that because he is the father of a new age of man he can now crawl into his cocoon and spin himself a silken bed of rest. Yet, for some reason, Rotarians have often felt that if newer blood came into their Rotary Club, they were "ready for the shelf."

It is self-evident that such argument is fallacious, for if a Club were to chloroform its gray heads—as my fellow Canadian Dr. William Osler is supposed to have once advised for all old men—there would remain none of that wealth of experience and wisdom gathered at such great pains by the earlier pioneers.

The problem has confronted many a Rotary Club: "How can we keep our old members and yet find room—and classifications—for new and younger members?" Years of discussion and thought produced a plan which was adopted at Rotary's Convention at Cleveland, Ohio, in 1939. And a wise plan it was and is, too.

Resolution 39-11 provided a new kind of membership, one which, in the words of the Secretary to the Board of Directors of Rotary International, which proposed it, "will not shelve the member of long standing, but which will permit him to retain his rights and privileges as an active member, while at the same time open the opportunity for membership to a younger man. . . ." This new form of membership is senior membership.

A senior member is one who asks for that status after he has earned the right by (a) being a Rotarian for 20 years, (b) being a Rotarian for five years and reaching the age of 65, or (c) serving as

an officer of Rotary International. A senior member votes, holds office (either appointive or elective), and otherwise is active in every way, shape, and form—except that he does not need to hold a classification. Thus, his Club not only has the benefit of his experience and talents in every way, but it also has the choice of adding to the membership a newcomer with talents of his own; and since the choice of a Rotary Club is good, these talents are likely to be of a high order!

Note that a senior member is one *who asks to be one*. It is not the choice of the Club, but the choice of the member. And not everyone can ask for it, but only those who have earned the right by long and worthy service. For no Rotarian ever was a member for 20 years without spending most of that time actively in one or more of the four lanes of Rotary service. Nor can he fulfill the alternative requirements without being a real Rotarian.

Since the provision for senior membership has been in the Standard Club Constitution for more than two years, the experience of the older Clubs with members eligible for this should be interesting—and it is. In Canada we have Clubs which have senior members and I have seen reports from two of them. One has four and the other, one.

The interesting point is that in every case but one—and that for a good reason—the senior members have been augmented by new members elected to their former classification. The one exception is where the Club closed the classification. Thus these Clubs now have all their former members plus four younger members, and are just that much stronger. On the whole, the senior members and their fellows consider their new estate to be an honor they have earned.

One Club in the United States

has nine senior members, and has so far filled four of the classifications. Discussing this in a meeting, the Board of Directors was unanimous in feeling the Club had benefited, and discussion with the membership brought out the same feeling.

In a recent issue, *The Girardarian*, the publication of the Rotary Club of Cape Girardeau, Missouri, gave space to a discussion of senior membership. It says:

It does not mean any discredit to or reflection upon the senior member. . . . He himself may still be a comparatively young man, but if he has held a classification for a good many years, he now lets some other man in the community hold it for a while. . . .

Do you want to bring down the average age of your Club's membership? . . . Do you want to perpetuate your Rotary Club? These things can be accomplished by taking advantage of the senior-membership provision. It is not a compulsory matter. . . .

Think this over. It offers possibilities of bringing into the Club younger men in business or professions now represented in the Club without affecting the status of present members.

SINCE Rotary was born 37 years ago, a new generation of business and professional men has grown up. New Clubs are usually made up of members of this generation, and there is no valid reason why older Clubs should not also take unto themselves more of these fresh, eager, younger men.

The classification principle is the rock upon which Rotary has built, and no one cares to weaken our unique structure. But rather than step aside, our experienced, older members of 20 years' standing, our members over 65 who have been five years in Rotary, and our past international officers can team with this younger generation to build a better Rotary.

Rotary is needed these parlous days more than ever before—not only for the deeds that Clubs may do, but for the refreshment to the spirit its fellowship brings. Why not share it?

My Vote Goes to the Dogs!

Says Burges Johnson

Author and Professor

MAN IS A credulous creature. He passes fabulous beliefs from generation to generation without a thought about their validity. An example of this is the notion that cats are friendly or even tameable animals, designed as household pets.

When this belief first gained currency I cannot say. There was a time when man knew better. Less harried then, he could see the cat (whose ancestral origins are more remote than his own) in its true shape—a sinister creature, linked somehow to the black arts.

Then, one day, the cat got a taste of comfort-at-no-cost on someone's hearth, and, true to his devious nature, concealed feline character behind sleek insinuating ways—and settled down for an indefinite stay in the warmest corner of the home.

It is a fact recognized by such eminent scientists as Dr. Rudyard Kipling that cats prefer to walk alone. When they find that it pays to associate with other ani-

mals, they declare a temporary truce, but aversion and distrust lie just beneath the surface. This is especially true in their relation to human beings.

Zoölogical research reveals all the larger cats are untameable. Lions, tigers, leopards, jaguars, pumas, lynxes—all would rather chew a human being than purr to him. Captive specimens trained to do tricks are ruled by fear, not love. Only advanced senility and the loss of teeth make any one of them a safe companion. And here's the crux: Science tells us further that the house cat (*Felis domestica*) is not far removed from the wild state of its many relatives and will revert more easily than any other domesticated animal. It is, in fact, never really tame, merely acquiescent.

Just when these creatures were first admitted to human homes no one seems to know. In Bubastis 1,000 years or so before the Christian Era they were held sacred, and men worshipped Pasht, a cat-headed goddess.

Certain it is that the annual Bubastis festival in honor of the cat goddess would make a modern Mardi gras resemble a church camp meeting. Whether the orgies of our modern tabby are due to racial memories or to the sudden



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explosions of a pent-up evil nature is mere guesswork. Probably both causes act.

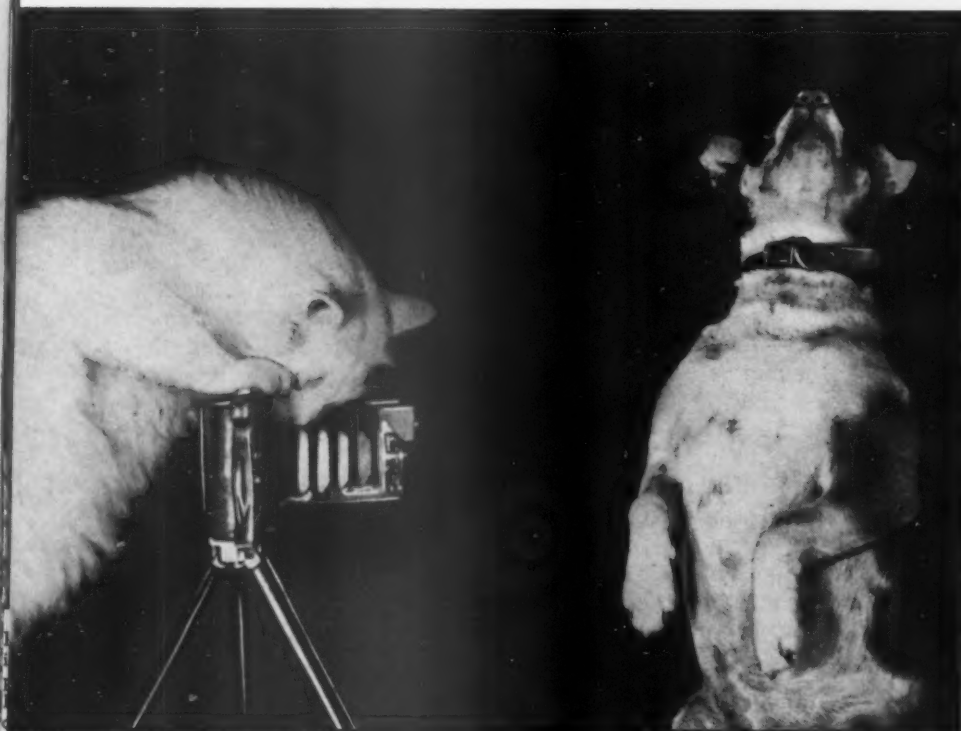
Cats are definitely religious by nature; this undoubtedly is due to those ancestral days in Egypt when thousands of their forebears participated in ceremony and ritual. But they are, above all, mystics, and in this modern period it is evident that their religion has turned sour. Note the sadistic behavior of any cat with any mouse and see the perverted survival of primitive sacrifice.

Cats figure in some of the oldest folklore of our race, but never with credit. Puss in Boots attained his ends by unparalleled deceit. Even Dick Whittington's cat, it must be remembered, was leading Whittington away from London when the bells persuaded him to turn again. If he had followed the cat's lead, he would surely never have become Lord Mayor, and the cat undoubtedly knew it.

But it is in legends having to do with witchcraft and the black arts that the creature is revealed in its true color. If not black of fur, it was black of heart, revelling in evil mysteries and rejoicing to share a witch's feast and then ride away on a broomstick, leaving its mistress to the angry mob.

But why attempt to prove the obvious by appeals to history and tradition? Cats speak for themselves and pronounce their own condemnation. As playful and seemingly innocent kittens, they work themselves into our good graces; then as adult cats they are ready and willing on the least provocation to scratch the hands that feed them. Utterly selfish, they choose their own hours for

SEE! It's just as Mr. Johnson says. The dog is a fine, upstanding, trusting character. The cat? Why, she's waiting for his worst possible expression. Then she'll "shoot."



DOG CAT

was to "conditions" pre-
a debate the authors from
imitating. So—this digres-
r unit a frivolity, a tonic
Sequel. —EDITORS.



rest, and then delight to make human slumber impossible.

Cats, it is known, are not only among the most unmusical of living creatures, but also they are antimusical or actively discordant. Only the dominant will of a great artist can convert the nerve-racking wail of a dead cat into the uplifting harmonies of a violin.

Dr. Niemand, in his exhausting treatise on cats (*Angewandte Schädelmessungen der Katze mit Bezug auf Psychologie, Wesen, Art und Triebe der Katzenfamilie*), points out incontrovertibly that their flat headedness (*Plattköpfigkeit*) proves their kinship to snakes. He suggests further that this cranial defect may account for the absence of such traits as loyalty, trust, affection, self-sacrifice, and philanthropic impulses. He adds that in cases where there is a close and long-continued relationship between cats and females of the human family, too often the traits of the former species are absorbed by the latter.

Upon this foundation he bases his much discussed *Tierenflussheimtlichkeitstheorie*, in which he notes that women since the very earliest times have tried to make pets of these sly animals and the result has been the gradual transfer of feline traits to the human mistress.

Further, the learned Herr Professor Niemand notes that among every 1,000 women today, 17 3/10 percent reveal a strange antipathy to cats, in some cases so intense as to produce hysteria. This, he believes, is due to a subconscious struggle of good against evil. All those traits which are commonly called "cattiness" have been ac-

quired by human mistresses from pet cats and now have so firm a hold they are hard to subdue. But (according to Dr. Niemand) whenever a modern woman instinctively struggles against them, this cat antipathy is the result.

I do not defend these extreme views of the learned Dr. Niemand. But even without granting them attention, it must be evident to my readers that any household which wishes to maintain the traditional standards of the good home should not harbor a cat. There are those who defend the cat on the claim that it will rid the house of mice. But its destruction of birds makes it the protector of billions of harmful insects. Obviously, we would be better off with the mice. Newspapermen tell us that it is not news if a cat bites a bird, but it would be very good news if a bird bit a cat. What a fine thing it would be if we could train birds—but that is a fantastic hope!

Dogs, as we all know, are generous-minded and their instincts are to be trusted. Some of them have been lured by feline tricks into temporary cat friendships, but always there is a rude and unhappy awakening. If you question these conclusions of mine, ask any experienced dog.

"Pet cat" is a self-contradictory term. Give me a dog!

Pfft! to That! Give Me a Cat!

—Louis Untermeyer

Poet and Ailurophile*

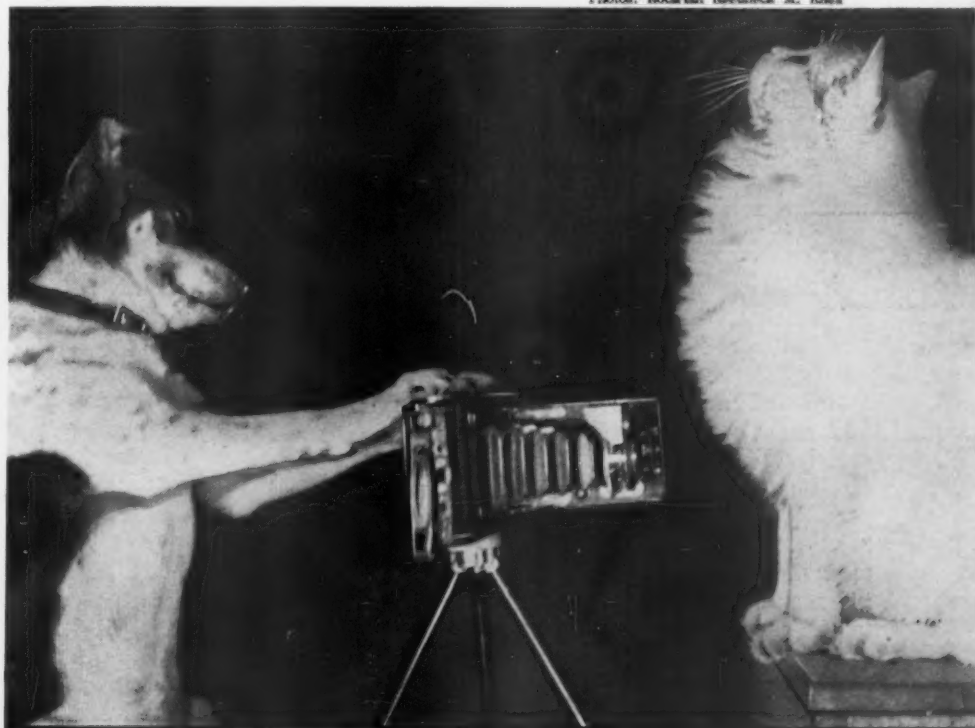
IT IS IMPOSSIBLE for me to hold my tongue after reading Burges Johnson's dastardly, deliberate, and (I may as well add) dogged attack on cats. Of all the prejudiced, perverse, misinformed, and misinforming—but Burges Johnson is a professor, and it is hard for a pedagogue to change the unfortunate habits of an ill-spent lifetime. I will, therefore, not argue with the Professor. But I am willing to challenge Johnson the Person, who is sometimes (in spite of himself) Johnson the Poet, for these better Johnsons are reasonable (not rabid) creatures.

My dear Johnson, I say to him in my most *purr*suasive tone, you have undoubtedly never lived with a cat. You have never experienced the deep satisfaction, the warm ease, which comes from sharing one's hearth and heart with one of Nature's finer efforts.

True, the cat is the most comfort-loving spirit imaginable. But,

* Cat lover to you, Mr. Johnson!—AUTHOR.

Photos: Rotarian Beutrock M. Rhea



NO, it's just as Mr. Untermeyer says. The cat is grace itself, condescending here to honor the clumsy dog, who is "anybody's fawning servant," with her regal presence.

for that very reason, it is also comfort spreading. A cat curled up on a rug communicates an air of luxury; two cats alertly crouching at cracks and crannies fill one with a sense of security and peace; five cats—and five of my seven* are about me as I write—change a mere set of rooms into a home.

I need not enlarge upon the cat in its functional life. His usefulness as a mouser is not to be despised, but I don't wish to stress the cat as Guardian, Protector of the Oat Bin, or Lord of the Mousehole, or any utilitarian rôle. What endears cats to the better members of the human race is their esthetic appeal, their elemental grace. The dog sprawls, cringes, and stumbles; but who has ever seen a cat in an awkward posture?

The dog is nervous and stupid; he barks at the irresponsible moon. But the cat, that wise fellow, conserves his energies. Philosophically he sits and spreads calmness about him; there is no music more soothing than the soft thunder of a contented cat. It is belittled only by tone-deaf and purblind (sometimes spelled purr-blind) professors. The dog is everybody's, anybody's, fawning servant; the cat honors you with its association. The dog snaps greedily at every morsel; the cat accepts the choice titbit not only with delicacy, but also with dignity. I share my plate with Omar, who quotes the original Persian poets, and as we lick our chops, I feel I have been dining with royalty.

This is a feeling common to all but the most insensitive. Swinburne, whose poetry is still taught in college, addressed the cat in properly respectful terms:

Stately, kindly, lordly, friend,
O condescend

Here to sit by me.

"Stately," "kindly," "lordly"—yes, but most of all "friend." I am amazed to see Niemand seriously mentioned, much less quoted, as an authority on any subject, especially on cat neuroses. Clinical circles know that Niemand, that pseudoscientific felinophobe, has long been discredited and repudiated; modern researchers mention his name with unconcealed contempt. One of the younger psychocataloguers, Bronislaw Jemand,

has summarized the later findings:

The therapeutic value of cats is no longer to be questioned: I have used them constantly as *Nervenruhigsmittel* (roughly "nerve quieters"). Their efficacy in this capacity was proved when I put a well-fed kitten instead of aspirin at the bedside of my sleepless patients. Every case of malignant insomnia was cured without further soporifics. The most stubborn case yielded to these "living bromides." Miss X, a lifelong sufferer from the violence of the current tempo, said that the kitten in her room was a complete cure; after the first purr, she fell asleep and dreamed all night of furry kettles singing lullabies while cradles floated over a warm and whispering sea."

But if you distrust science, you cannot disdain literature. It is in literature that the cat is shown not only as a force, but also as a friend. I grant that there may be a few bizarre felines and macabre black cats here and there—unhappy creatures who have gone to the horror movies or read Poe, but they are exceptions.

You mention Puss in Boots, Mr. Johnson, and attempt to belittle his extraordinary exploits by saying he "attained his ends by unparalleled deceit." But any unbiased reader of Perrault's famous fairytale can only admire the combined loyalty and ingenuity of the common tabby who not only fought poverty and outwitted fate, but braved terrible Ogres for the sake of his master.

Without going as far as Claude Farrère, who, in his *Chat-Comme-Ca*, says: "It is certain that man is superior to other animals, but it is also certain that the cat is superior to man," I would be willing to rest my case on literature alone.



Burgess Johnson is head of the field of English at Union College, Schenectady, N. Y. He has been a newspaperman, a book publisher, a magazine editor. His essays lighten the library shelf; his lectures refresh the public.

Louis Untermeyer, a one-time jewelry manufacturer, collects, edits, and writes poetry, is a leading figure in current American letters, lives in New York's Adirondacks. Look up his *The Fat of the Cat*—an adaptation.

I would not shame you with the imposing bibliography on the subject, though there is matter enough to fill a small library—a categorical catalog. But I would call your attention to the cats in novels and short stories.

There is, for example, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman's graphic and haunting tale of two derelicts, a lost man and a lone cat, starkly entitled *The Cat*. There is Saki's amazing *Tobermory*, who shocked high society by his untimely and ever-so-articulate revelations, and there is P. G. Wodehouse's (and Mulliner's) cat whose double personality horrified and fascinated the Bishop.

There is the pathetic page from the *Rumanian Diary*, by Hans Carossa, who recalled the story of a great flood which swept away most of the race and tossed a child about in a frail cradle. But there was a cat in the cradle, and every time the waves seemed to capsize the little boat the cat would spring to the other side and balance the craft, until the child was rescued.

Perhaps all this is too serious a demand upon your credulity. Perhaps you will refuse the evidence of many others who have signed their testimony as solemnly as they would sign affidavits—testimonials for the courage as well as the courtesy of cats. Perhaps also you will never believe that a cat is a boon particularly to a writer, that a cat not only suggests stories, but *relates* them, that as Sylvia Townsend Warner testifies in *The Cat's Cradle Book*, "Kittens are trained in a catly frame of mind by stories learned at their mothers' tails; the milk flows and the narrative flows with it." But (and now I discard the "perhaps") you will be wrong, for you will be flying in the face of recorded truth.

My rebuttal should end with the preceding sentence. But I am tempted to add one more significant fact. It is this: Napoleon, Caesar, and Genghis Khan hated cats; George Washington and Abraham Lincoln loved them. You, Mr. Johnson, may share your distrust of the cat with Napoleon and Caesar and Genghis Khan, who (if I remember correctly) were not too tender about human beings either. Washington and Lincoln can count on my vote.

* Telegraphic advices raise the figure to nine.—Eds.



THE HEAD of one of America's urgently busy war industries surveyed the accumulation of work on his desk. "I wish to God I could buy back the dribblets of time I've wasted in my life," he said with fervor.

What one of us has not at times felt the same way? Crucial spots teach us sharply the meaning of time. But until we are under pressure, we are prone, alas, to let our minutes slip by unheeded and unused.

In my own work I must travel at least one week out of every month and keep posted on what is going on in six different industries. The job leaves me nothing but odd moments. I have had to learn not only to schedule myself closely, but also to manage efficiently those irregular chinks of time that fall between exacting tasks.

There are fragments of time to be gathered riding in elevators, waiting for trains or busses, waiting at the barber's or dentist's, waiting to be waited on in a store; there is the time we usually kill the last few minutes of a train ride, or while someone finishes dressing or primping, or when guests or business associates are late. These moments in the aggregate are considerable and by intelligent planning we can catch up with ourselves and convert these in-between periods, which are usually unsatisfying, into moments of genuine satisfaction.

We usually put off writing letters until we can get a free evening or a free hour—and, as a result, remain eternally behind. Odd moments can be fruitfully



JOHN ERSKINE, author, has written many of his books a few paragraphs at a time.



THOREAU wrote that he appointed himself an inspector of snowstorms and rainstorms.



EMILY POST, etiquette authority, carries paper and pen for note-writing purposes.



WALTER CAMP, famed coach, filled in odd moments with a set of relaxing exercises.

substituted for the free hours we seldom get. Emily Post carries in her handbag a fountain pen, note paper, and stamps. Whenever she has a few spare moments, she writes a note. Similarly a busy lawyer carries a pad and envelopes and keeps up a pleasant and stimulating personal correspondence during odd moments. Months before Christmas he uses his time margins to compose letters to send out instead of impersonal Christmas cards.

We tend to neglect our friendships even more shamefully than we neglect our correspondence. In the press of daily duties we cannot find the hours for calling on people. True, hours are scarce, but minutes all of us have. I know a woman doctor, also playing the rôle of wife and mother, who keeps up with her many

friends by paying one of them a short visit each day. She stays only a few minutes, but just that little interval helps cement friendship.

Most of us fail to realize that we are doing something even when we are doing nothing. We might as well give the something we do a little thought and make it count. Any physician can suggest profitable exercises that can be worked into any schedule.

A schoolteacher who encounters 12 traffic lights on her way to school, half of which are usually against her, used to arrive nervous and irritable. Her doctor suggested using these traffic stops to settle back momentarily, breathe deeply, and let her nerves and muscles relax. She now arrives calm and controlled. This is a technique all of us who drive

might use. Rest, under any circumstances, is one of the very wisest uses of our time margins.

Most of us, knowing we need exercise, salve our conscience by saying that some day we will visit a gym, sign up for swimming lessons. Meanwhile the bulges accumulate. Bending, stretching, breathing—simple exercises that can be done around the house daily and in spare moments—are almost as beneficial as that game of golf or tennis which we never get around to anyway!

THE famous football coach Walter Camp was also the busy president of a clock company. In odd minutes between appointments in his office he used a set of exercises to relax himself. These afterward became famous as The Daily Dozen. Many a man who takes no outdoor exercise has kept himself in shape by following Camp's odd-minute plan of exercise. One of my stout women friends has recently taken off 12 pounds with exercises which she just "works in" whenever she has a few minutes during the day.

If we put ourselves under the tutelage of our wills, these in-between periods can bring us benefits that would otherwise be impossible. It is not merely a matter of filling in the gaps of time with some profitable activity, but actually of turning our whole thought process around and using time with high intelligence. We can do things with our time margins we are not likely to do in longer stretches of time at our disposal.

We neglect the care of our eyes. Yet doctors tell us that one-fourth of the body's nerve energy is burned up by our eyes. A few relaxing exercises, practiced now and then during the day, will go far toward restoring lost energy. Instead of staring aimlessly at a wall while waiting for an appointment, we can try "palming." Cross the hands from the cheek bones over the eyes so that no light penetrates. Close the eyes softly so that all the tense muscles let go, imagine black—try to see a field of dense blackness. Your mind, your face, your whole body relaxes. Blinking is another excellent eye exercise that helps eliminate the dimness occasioned by prolonged eyestrain.

The fullest use of time does not mean that we should live our lives under forced draft, make sweatshops of our minds, or keep our nerves taut. The real purpose of learning to employ every minute properly is to unclutter our hours, deliver us of feverish activity, and earn us true leisure.

Often it is not the things we do but the things we don't get done that weary us. We find ourselves harried by an accumulation of household duties—the repair of a door, hanging a picture, trimming the hedge, weeding the rock garden, cleaning a drain, rubbing off the car. Not uncommonly we put off such tasks until they make a real claim on time that could be used for more enjoyable family activities or for rest and recreation.

One busy father, tired of being scolded for the things he didn't get done, hung up a slate on which his wife and daughters were told to write any chores that need doing by a man. Whenever he has a few spare minutes, he consults this slate, takes on one of the chores, and rubs out the entry. By staying caught up through odd moments, he finds he now has time for his own interests.

Many of us put off doing things with our children until some convenient season when we can take them on a camping trip or a long hike. Such occasions rarely come and the steady daily neglect leaves both us and our children dissatisfied. But if we plan well, we can do things with our children in spare moments, putting ourselves more at ease as parents and with the same motions teaching youngsters the invaluable lesson of using time wisely.

One father I know hears his 8-year-old's spelling lesson each morning while shaving. There are certainly moments during the day when you can listen to your child play his new piece, look up with him a place on the map or an item in the encyclopedia, enlist his help in some simple repair job around the house, tell him a brief story or give him the meaning of a new word you have picked up that day, draw sketches with him—or simply romp.

Not all these precious parttime activities with children need be calculated to edify. Children miss,

in this hurried day, the joy of simple games and moderate scuffles with their parents. Asked on his approaching tenth birthday what he wanted for a gift, a boy of my acquaintance told his mother that what he really wanted was to have her take some time off for play. This mother or any other mother can surely find time, through a discreet and choice use of odd moments, to keep a spirit of play and fellowship in the home. If more parents would do this naturally and at the scattered times that are available, they wouldn't seem so odd to their children when they infrequently came out of a daze of conscience and decided to be pals.

Uninterrupted stretches are rare with any of us. Yet all of us know people who seem somehow always to have time to do whatever needs doing without being rushed. The difference between them and the harried majority is minute management.

For obviously time margins can be put to real creative use. We can learn to fill odd moments with activities that are richly and abundantly satisfying. Many a person has acquired an education, learned a language or an art, written books, cultivated a hobby, developed an invention, in bits of time which envious friends fritter away as not being long enough for any useful purpose.

ANY art or craft—writing, painting, drawing, designing—can be carried on in spare moments. John Erskine reports that his many books have been written in margins of time—built up gradually by a few sentences or paragraphs whenever he has a few minutes.

One has only to watch a woman knitting to realize how much can be accomplished in brief intervals if the means are readily at hand. If we make a diligent use of our odd moments, we will discover how much time we usually waste. A New York heart specialist keeps the morning paper on the table back of his office chair, and goes through it methodically, column by column, page by page, between appointments. Never does he have time to read more than a few minutes, yet by midafternoon he is posted on the news.

I know [Continued on page 55]



'Broken Road'

This wintry print has won first prize in the Scenic Division of The Rotarian's Sixth Photo Contest for Rotarian Edward H. Blettner, of Hanover, Pennsylvania. For other winners, turn page.



Contest Ends Photo

THE JUDGES have spoken, and have gone home . . . and the Six Photo Contest your magazine has sponsored for Rotarians and members of their families is over.

'Twas a good Contest . . . fruitful, colorful, international. Sixteen countries were represented—the one most distant from Contest headquarters being Australia. In all, 359 Rotarians or their wives or children submitted 1,450 prints or color transparencies.

The variety (ranging from tiny back-yard snapshots to huge salable prints) and the general artistic excellence of the entries demanded the finest discrimination of the judges—who were: J. H. McNabb (president of Bell and Howell Company, photo equipment), Harvey W. Framberger (vice-president of Barnes-Crosby Company, photoengravers), and W. A. Graber (photographer). All three are members of the Rotary Club of Chicago, have judged earlier Contests.

And now for the winners! Let's list them according to the three divisions of Contest—in the following columns.

JUNGLE EDGE (left) placed second among the Contest's "Scenics" for Carl W. Blakeslee, Tampa, Fla. **Winter Woodland** (below) came third for W. E. Bertling, of Buffalo, N. Y.



First Prize
Hanover, N. H.
Road (snow)
Second Prize
Tampa, Fla.
Third Prize
Buffalo, N. Y.
Honorable Mention
Hollywood, Calif.
Dora, California
Los Angeles, Texas
Tennessee
Gilberto L. Norman C.
Don C. Mel
Email, of N.
Quist, of S.
White, of F.

Honorable Mention
First Prize
London, Ohio
Second Prize
Newark, N. J.
Third Prize
Vina, Cal.
Honorable Mention
Tampa, Fla.
Ton, Georgia
Florida
Hampshire
South Dakota
Illinois
Mrs. E. A.
Norman C.

WITH Jest
London, Ohio
Interest Division
second place

Photo Finish

SCENIC DIVISION

First Prize—Edward H. Blettner, of Hanover, Pennsylvania, for *Broken Road* (shown on page 31).

Second Prize—Carl W. Blakeslee, of Tampa, Florida, for *Jungle Edge*.

Third Prize—W. E. Bertling, of Buffalo, New York, for *Winter Woodland*.

Honorable Mentions—Maurice E. Berry, of Hollywood, Florida; T. J. Brownrigg, of Glenora, California; Addison Buckner, of San Marcos, Texas; Herbert Hood, Jr., of Memphis, Tennessee; Paul Kelly, of Erie, Pennsylvania; Gilberto Labarca Ramirez, of Rancagua, Chile; Norman C. MacPhail, of Coeur d'Alene, Idaho; Don G. Meller, of Hackney, Australia; Wm. F. Small, of Newburgh, New York; Don Wahlquist, of Salt Lake City, Utah; W. Edward White, of Plymouth, New Hampshire.

HUMAN-INTEREST DIVISION

First Prize—G. F. Woosley, of London, Ohio, for *Jest Restin'*.

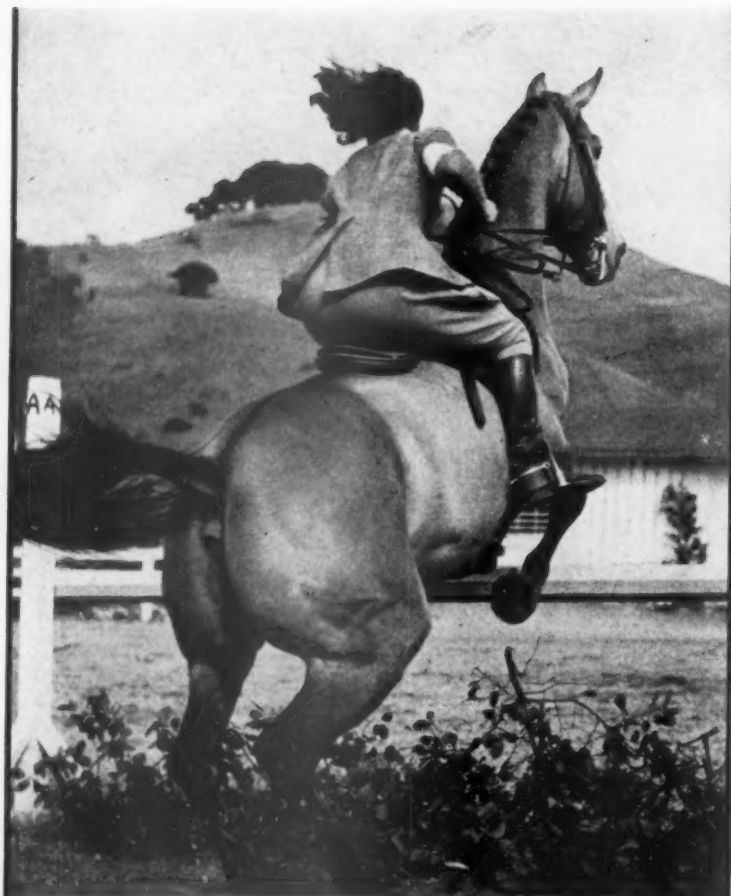
Second Prize—Chas. R. Clark, of Newark, New York, for *Cap'n George and Friend*.

Third Prize—Mrs. F. T. Robson, of Vina, California, for *Rear Action*.

Honorable Mentions—Carl W. Blakeslee, of Tampa, Florida; Dr. Selby Cramer, of Carrollton, Georgia; Mrs. Karl B. Cuesta, of Tampa, Florida; N. M. Eames, of Manchester, New Hampshire; Dr. D. L. Kegaries, of Rapid City, South Dakota; Ned Landon, of Galesburg, Illinois; G. F. Langford, of Jackson, Michigan; Mrs. E. A. MacDonald, of Utica, New York; Norman C. MacPhail, of Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

WITH *Jest Restin'* (right) G. F. Woosley, of London, Ohio, won first prize in the Human-Interest Division. *Cap'n George and Friend* won second place for C. R. Clark, of Newark, N. Y.





REAR ACTION lassoed third prize in Human Interest for Mrs. F. T. Robson, of Vina, Calif. . . . A frameable copy of *The Penalty of Greatness* (below), an old but prophetic cartoon from *Punch*, has been sent to all Photo Contest entrants.

Jaime Nuguer, of Trelew, Argentina; Willard E. Ziegler, of Reading, Pennsylvania.

FULL-COLOR DIVISION

First Prize—Edwin C. Rosenberg, of North Sacramento, California, for *Lumber Mill*, a miniature color transparency shown in enlargement on the cover.

Second Prize—Stuart Brabant, of Elkton, Kentucky, for *Peacetime Enemy*, another miniature transparency.

Honorable Mentions—Mrs. David H. Canfield, of Estes Park, Colorado; Paul E. Ernsberger, of Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Cash prizes totalled \$400. First prizes were \$50; second prizes, \$30; third prizes, \$20. In the Scenic and the Human-Interest Divisions honorable-mention prizes were \$5 each; in the Full-Color Division, \$10 each. To first-prize winners in each division also went life memberships in THE ROTARIAN'S Camera Club. To all other entrants went an annual membership.

To look at some of the side lights of the Contest—entries in the Scenic and the Human-Interest Divisions ran about neck and neck in number. The Full-Color Division, which tapped a relatively new field in photography, drew 265 items—of surprisingly good quality. Cameras used ranged from models that might bring \$2 on a trade-in to the most elaborate instruments made.

Plans are already underway for another Photo Contest in 1942. Watch coming issues of THE ROTARIAN for announcements. Meanwhile, keep on clicking and growing in favor with the darkroom gods!

Photo: The Bettmann Archive





Billy Phelps Speaking

AS COLLECTIVE singing is one of the pure joys of Rotary gatherings, I am certain that vast numbers of Rotarians will enjoy the numbers of old songs contained in a new quarto volume *Songs of Yesterday, A Song Anthology of American Life*, compiled by Philip D. Jordan and Lillian Kessler. Here are about 400 pages of words and music from the sanctity of the humble home, from the sanded barrooms, from the lumber camps, from the pioneer trails, reflecting the social life of the wide U.S.A. The editors spent eight years making this collection and every family today that owns a piano will profit by the result of their work. For every kind of song is here. Satires on fashions and on money inflation and on stocks and bonds and speculators; a particularly good one after the depression of 1837:

Know ye the land where Sub-Treasurers riot
Like an army of rats when the cat is away,
Where the cash of the People is stolen in quiet,
And nothing is left but to whistle for pay?

Of course, there are plenty of songs sticky with sentiment, and others steeped in melodrama, human emotions in the raw. But the number of campaign songs and satires astonish me—"Grafted into the army," for example. On the general subject of popular songs it is interesting to observe that some which were very popular at one time disappear apparently forever, while others are revived. When I was a little boy, every hand organ was playing "Darling, I am growing old," which, after a sleep of 50 years, suddenly woke, only to fade; the trapeze song had a similar false resurrection. At about the year 1875, boys used to sing *The Mulligan Guards*; I knew the words and the tune, but never

saw the words in print until to my amazement I found them in Kipling's *Kim*.

* * *

When I was in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, in 1940, I had a good time at the Men's Dinner Club; now I welcome an original work by one member, Dr. Lewis J. Moorman. It has the interesting title *Tuberculosis and Genius*. Although I myself have never had either tuberculosis or genius, I am not in favor of killing those infants who have the former, for fear they might have the latter; and I do not think the chief end of man is to be healthy. Dr. Moorman's book, after a very instructive introductory chapter, takes up 11 famous "cases"—Stevenson, Schiller, Marie Bashkirtseff, Katharine Mansfield, Voltaire, Molière, Francis Thompson, Shelley, Keats, St. Francis of Assisi; and the volume closes with a bibliography.

The author is a practicing physician with especial interest in tuberculosis; for 25 years he conducted a private sanatorium, but he has been as much interested in human nature as in this disease, and has had many opportunities to observe it, having had 20 years of teaching in the medical department of the University of Oklahoma and three years of deanship. This book will interest lovers of literature as well as pathologists, and I suggest that in the next edition Dr. Moorman add a chapter on Emily Brontë.

* * *

The pessimist Schopenhauer said there was always room in every life for a jest. G. Lynn Sumner, who knows that in every after-dinner speech unless there is room for jest it will be found there is no room for anything, has prepared a useful little book called *We Have with Us Tonight*; secondary title *Secrets of Success*

at the Speakers' Table. The three men on the jacket can be easily classified. So many men wish they could make a good speech that I suggest they employ the following sentence as their opening and closing remark and sit down: "Gentlemen: I am a good linguist; I can speak three or four modern languages; once I lived near a deaf-and-dumb asylum and learned to talk on my hands, but I cannot talk on my feet."

Well, Mr. Sumner's book will save many persons who have got to make a speech from failing and will save many toastmasters and chairmen from ruining the whole occasion. How many times, before going to bed in a strange hotel, I have looked into a vast room where a public dinner is in its last agonies. [Continued on page 53]



ST. FRANCIS of Assisi, whom Dr. Lewis J. Moorman includes as a "case" in his recent work entitled *Tuberculosis and Genius*.

How to Pass

At long last, an anonymous benefactor sets forth the rules and regulations for the use of this bridge tool.

By Ely Lenz*

Illustrations by Erskine Barr

IT IS A MIRACLE to me that, in all the literature of bridge, there is not a single chapter on *How to Pass*. It is true that passing is mentioned. "In such a case, pass," is frequently quoted, and "Pass, instead of doubling" is another phrase we meet, but there is absolutely nothing on *how* one should pass.

Such neglect is absurd. It is like saying, "On falling into a lake, swim," without any instruction on how to keep above water. Imagine a textbook on surgery that told the eager student that trepanning was necessary and let it go at that, without any illustrations or advice on how to do it! Yet passing is as necessary to a bridge player as trepanning is to a surgeon—more, in fact, for trepanning is seldom indicated, yet every hand of bridge necessitates three passes before it can be played.

I do not speak of tournament bridge, for that is not a game at all, but a miniature battle played with cards and dirty looks instead of guns and bayonets. I refer to the family or bridge-club game—the friendly game, as my wife sarcastically calls it.

Let us first look at the pass with intent to pass, or the *Pass Direct*. You are West, and South has dealt. You pick up your cards and arrange them. They are spades—J, 8, 5, 2; hearts—9, 4; diamonds—10, 7, 5; clubs—Q, 9, 6, 3. South passes. The question arises: how should you pass?

Don't just say, "By," or, "I pass." Look at your cards hard. Moan with anguish. Screw up your face into a grimace of utter

despair. Then say, firmly, "PASS!"

This leaves your partner with a clear understanding that this is not a trap pass, nor a reluctant pass, but an out-and-out no-bidding-values pass. Suppose he was planning to bid on three honors. This will tell him, in one simple word, that he cannot count on you for anything but grief.

If, in spite of your warning, he insists on bidding, just leave your hand in a bundle before you and mutter, "Pass," at every opportunity. Even if it isn't your turn, interject a "Pass" into the bidding now and then. Thus you convey in no uncertain manner the information that you have an absolute bust.

The next hand—you are still West—you deal and pick up: spades—A, K, 10, 4; hearts—9, 7, 3, 2; diamonds—10, 4, 3; clubs—J, 7. Almost a biddable hand, but not quite. But how to get the information across to your partner? Merely passing won't do it. And the *Pass Direct* will mislead him. So here we adopt the technique of the *Informative Pass*. Look over your hand carefully. Then look directly at your partner and say, "How many spades will it take to give us a game?" Of course, as you already know, he will answer, "Four," so you look regretfully at your hand and say, "Then I pass."

By this maneuver your partner knows you have strength in spades and practically nothing else. It isn't enough strength for a three-spade declaration, so it must be one-and-a-half or two honor tricks in spades only. With this information he is much better equipped to make his first bid. If he says, "One heart," you can go to two, which shows him that



THE PASS DIRECT

Look at your cards hard. Moan with anguish. Screw up your face into a grimace of utter despair. Then say, firmly, "PASS!"

your spade pass meant control of the suit and something in his suit as well. If he says, "One club," use the *Business Pass*.

In the *Business Pass*, pick up the bidding directly after South speaks, and snap, "Pass," as if you meant it. This conveys to your partner that you have no club support and that you gave him all you had on that first spade pass.

ANOTHER form of the *Informative Pass* comes up on the third hand. You look at your hand and find spades—A, Q, 4; hearts—Q, 9, 8, 6; diamonds—K, 2; clubs—K, J, 10, 5. North bids one diamond, your partner passes in such a way you cannot tell if he means it or is stalling, South bids one heart, and it is up to you. Instead of bidding on this round, you can pass the burden to your partner together with much information if you hesitate a moment, and then say brightly, "Have we anything on game?" This immediately tells your partner that you have a fairish sort of hand, and if he has anything at all, he should bid it, and thus give you a chance to carry it on, but that if he has nothing, it might be best for you both to shut up.

Closely allied to the *Informative Pass* is the *Lead-Directing Pass*. Let us suppose you hold A, K, Q of spades, but haven't had a chance to show them, because the level is too high by the time it reaches you. Turn an astonished face to your right and demand, "Did you say *three*

* Our bridge editor advises that this is clearly a pen name, or disguise, of some aspiring bridge addict who combines the worst features of two of the game's leading experts.—Eds.



THE BUSINESS PASS

Just leave your cards in a bundle before you—thus you convey in no uncertain manner the information that you have a bust.

spades?" in a shocked and incredulous tone. Of course, he will correct you, and you can then laugh lightly and remark, "I didn't *think* you did—I pass." Naturally, your partner, who, it seems, will have first lead, will promptly lead spades, unless he is an absolute ass.

The *Trap Pass* is a tricky thing, but can be made to pay great dividends, if not overworked. Let us suppose your opponents are bidding spades. You haven't much of anything, but you do have five spades to the 9-spot. When your righthand opponent says, "Three spades," you sigh lugubriously, and say, "I could have guessed *that*—pass," and the trap is set. Both your opponents look for the bulk of the spades in your partner's hand. What a cheerful surprise they get when you ruff aces!

THE *Warning Pass* comes in handy when your partner has a tendency to overbid. Suppose you have a part score of 60, and a fair-to-middling hand, but certainly no slam in prospect. Your partner bids two clubs, and you fear he may carry it on indefinitely. Instead of a mere "Pass," it may be well to remind him of the part score. You can do this by saying, brightly, "Well, that's all we need to go game, isn't it, partner?" Thus you imply that unless your lefthand opponent pushes the limit up, you are willing to let well enough alone. Maybe you *can* make four clubs, but why take unnecessary risks?



THE INFORMATIVE PASS

Look at your partner and say, "How many spades will it take to give us game?" Look at your hand and say, "Then I pass."

Another form of the *Warning Pass* is when you cannot make a game bid and your opponents evidently cannot either. The bid comes to you from them at three diamonds. Laugh lightly and remark, "They won't get fat on that, partner—I'm going to let them have it." This establishes the fact that they haven't a game and your support for his hearts is none too hot, so don't go on!

The *Diversion Pass* comes in handy when the opposition is headed for a game in a suit in which you have a void or a singleton. It must not be confused with the *Lead-Directing Pass*. The latter is where you name the suit you want led, which is NOT the one they mention. The *Diversion Pass* is similar, but you name the suit they *DO* name. Thus, your righthand opponent says, "Three hearts." You look at him incredulously and say, "Did you say *three hearts*?" Then laugh happily and quickly say, "I pass!" This immediately convinces your lefthand opponent that you hold all the missing hearts, and he chokes the four bid he was about to make—maybe even shifts to diamonds, in which you hold five to the King, Queen.

Going back to first-round passing, do not overlook the use of the *Query Pass*. This is where you have a pretty good hand, but prefer to have your partner declare his preference in suits first. So you pass—but not without asking for information. Look at your cards carefully, shake your head



THE WARNING PASS

Laugh lightly and remark, "They won't get fat on that, partner—I'm going to let them have it." They haven't a game.

doubtfully, mutter to yourself—but clearly enough for your partner to hear—"I wonder—" and then pass, slowly, regretfully. This clearly indicates that you want his coöperation, and are prepared to help him in almost any suit. This pass may lead to a slam.

DO NOT overlook the use of inflection of the simple word "Pass." A straightforward, crisp pronouncement means that you do pass, without mental reservation or secret evasion whatever. But a slower "Pass" implies that you could, if you would, make an opening bid. A drawling pass after an opponent's bid is almost as good as a double, and much less expensive should he make any overtricks.

So you see, the pass is a weapon in your armory of bridge. A careful study of the art of passing is worth at least one quick trick. I have seen hands that, by ordinary rules, would not permit a game bid not only get to game, but make it. And I have seen cold slams (or, at least chilly) defeated by the proper use of the *Lead-Directing Pass*.

Current bridge experts have overlooked the well-worn maxim that the best defense is an offensive. They have relegated the pass to a defensive maneuver entirely. I hope that these few directions will convince you that, properly used, the pass is not only a good defense, but that it can be offensive, too.

Very.



A Toast to Ye 'b-P

EVER SINCE, as a new Rotarian, I became associate editor of my Club's *Scandal Sheet*, I have been waiting for some minstrel to break into song about that overworked, unpaid genius of Rotary, the Club-publication editor.

I cannot lay claim to any genius myself. Were I the editor instead of a lowly associate, I would not dare to hymn my own praises. But in my lowly task it is my privilege to read the exchanges from near and far, and I wonder at the brains—to say nothing of the paper and ink—that go into the making of these gems of wit and wisdom week after week, month after month.

Barclay Acheson, who addressed the international Convention at Denver last June and an editor of *The Reader's Digest*, once said that the glory of America is that any man can wake up one morning with an idea. To this I would add that the press makes it possible for him to give that idea to the world. An idea may originate anywhere and lodge, like Longfellow's arrow, in the heart of a friend a thousand miles away.

Why is a Rotary Club publication? There are many reasons, but the best one, I think, is that it cements the Club together. It also publicizes meetings; it is a constant reminder that there is another meeting this week.

Usually there is some member with a nose for news, who recognizes the unique, reviews his own experiences, talks to other people, and reads searchingly, taking notes all the while. Then he sits down and counts the column inches at his disposal, weighs the values of his items, and cuts out all but the most fascinating. These he works out with all the words of his vocabulary, toying with subtle thoughts and beautiful expressions.

Next, the editor greets the finished product and fondly observes the reac-

tion on Club members and exchange publications. Did I say he was unpaid? I retract that, fully. He is twice paid—once by the joy of creating his sheet and again by its reception.

I hope this is not too naïve, but some of my happiest moments have been when some kind fellow editor chose to comment on or copy some of my efforts. Parenthetically, I may say that they have not always been the ones I myself thought best! But I agreed with the Brooklyn, New York, *Fellow* in its choice of a whimsey, "Extra Hot News":

"A fabric has been found to substitute for men's coats during hot weather. It is lighter in color and lighter in weight than a coat and it serves the purpose of a coat reasonably well in that it covers the body and preserves a man's dignity. It is called a shirt."

Out of the wealth of Rotary weekly publications that come as exchanges, the names offer a study in themselves. Many come from the Rotary wheel itself. *The Brooklyn Fellow* is one of these, and Brooklyn's neighbor, New York, publishes *The Spoke*. There are several *Cogs* and *Cogwheels*, and Winchester, Virginia, puts out *The Cog Wheel*; while Newark, New Jersey, has its *Rotaricogitator*.

PATCHOGUE, New York, pictures two cogwheels and publishes *In Mesh*, while the Rushville, Indiana, Club has the *Hum*, with a subtitle "Of the Activities of the Rushville Rotary Club." Granite City, Illinois, needs the services of the Jacksonville, Illinois, *Lubricator*, for its weekly is called the *Skweek!*

Place names offer titles for Club publications, too. *Rotorora* and *Rotaurora* come from Aurora, Missouri, and Aurora, Illinois, respectively. *The Graftarian* hails from Grafton, West Virginia, and Northport, New York, has a



Open
ent, R. of Graham, Texas

Pub-Pub' Editor!

quaint play on words with the *North-portal*. The Harrow, Ontario, Canada, Club puns with the *Gleaner*, and Dubois, Pennsylvania, boasts the *Do Boys*.

Based on the near-by falls, Niagara Falls, New York, emits a *Roar*, while the Marlinton, West Virginia, Club answers with *The Weekly Howl* and Tallulah, Louisiana, subsides with *The Weekly Wail*. Coffeyville, Kansas, says *Coffey Grounds* is "thrown out weekly."

Indian influence impels the Oneida, New York, *Sachem* and the *War Whoop* of the *Senecas* from Seneca Falls, New York. The Western influence brings the Bismarck, North Dakota, *Buffalo Horn*, which reminds its readers that it is "short and to the point." Minot, North Dakota, boasts the *Prairie Flower*.

Where but Turtle Creek, Pennsylvania, would one look for *The Snapper*? And isn't Fort Lauderdale, Florida, the proper place to go for *The Tarpon*? There is fitness in the White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, *Rhododendron* and Troy, New York, *Collartown Sparks*; the Lima, Ohio, *Beantown Bugle* and Asheboro, North Carolina, *Tar Wheel*. But what of *The Bloody Brook Burble* from South Deerfield, Massachusetts? And *The Horse & Buggy*, "a vehicle of expression," from Lakewood, New Jersey?

THE STROBOSCOPE is an instrument which makes fast-moving objects appear as if they stood still. Perhaps that is why the New Kensington, Pennsylvania, Rotary Club so named its publication.

Offhand, I can remember only one animal in the roster—*The Houn' Dog* of Warrensburg, Missouri; but there are many *Bees* and some *Wasps* and *Hornets*, while Beloit, Wisconsin, is happy with a *Buzzer*. Verona, New Jersey, qualifies the lower forms with a *Rotifer*. Spices are not forgotten. Richmond,

Virginia, is red hot with *Tabasco*, and there are many *Pepper Boxes*, but I recall only one *Pepper Pot*.

THE WHEEL having spun around, we return to the start. Old Number One, the Rotary Club of Chicago, clings to the wheel, too, but calls it *The Gyrator*.

Some editors exercise the gentle art of satire quite skillfully. Lloyd A. Wicks, of the Ralls, Texas, *Pepper*, calls his readers' attention to the fact that after eight months of deliberation his Club has secured a plaque to present to the local high school and concludes:

"So, if we hurry, during the next four months we may get this plaque presented to the high school in time to write thereon the names of this year's winners."

We have enjoyed the jokes and wit published by these editors—and we have recognized and re-recognized many bits of humor time after time as they go their rounds. Club-bulletin literature is, apparently, regarded as common property in all good fellowship. Concerning that part which smacks of originality, one editor remarked:

"It is understood that any observation or opinions, expressed or implied, in regard to wars, politics, etc., are the personal expressions of the editor or editors, often written with crossed fingers and tongue in cheek, and are not to be taken as the opinion of the Club or of Rotary—or even of the editors."

Through these publications we have "heard" many fine Rotary speeches, in *absentia*. The San Antonio, Texas, *Wheel of Fortune* usually prints the feature speeches of the Club's meetings. Many more give pertinent excerpts from speeches. We have also read many inspiring editorials—as, for example, this from the Amarillo, Texas, *Wheels*:

"Bend with the winds of misfortunes and disappointments. Don't let life's sap



dry up in you, so you flatten out like ripe wheat when an ill wind hits you. Keep your courage alive to give you flexibility and strength when winds you were not expecting blow you down; then after it's past, straighten up and hold your head aloft, like the buckwheat."

Or note these beautiful lines, reprinted often in American Rotary Club publications, from the words of the President of the Rotary Club of London, England:

"I have previously likened this Club to a picture in mosaic in which each member is one of the parts—all different shapes, sizes, and colorings. It is a test of your fitness for membership that you fit into this picture, and it is for you to find your own place. We look to you with your qualities of heart, mind, and thought to complete this picture."

From Club publications we have received many ideas that can be used in our own long-term program. For 21 weeks the Miami, Florida, *Rote* included with the regular printed copy a mimeographed sheet with the short presentation by one of the members on one or the other of the 20 other republics of the Americas and the Dominion of Canada. For several months the Pana, Illinois, *Sunbeams* carried a weekly "supplement" of the history of the State.

For our personal files we have accumulated a wealth of clippings, rich material for future reference. The gamut of material available can be suggested by three of the titles: *Radium*, a tabloid story of this mysterious and potent element; *Saving What You Make*, an article in the field of economics; and—just think of it!—the Oath of Hippocrates, mimeographed in a Rotary Club publication! The ethical philosophy of the great profession of medicine, first of all codes of ethics.

Editing a Club publication must be a welcome task, and the payments of joy in the work and pleasure in recognition a powerful stimulus. For look at the record!

First, let me present to you Fay C. Parsons, of Cortland, New York, a newspaper publisher every day and a Rotary Club publisher once a week—for over 800 weeks.

Second, meet John S. Correll, of Easton, Pennsylvania, whose Secretarial duties have not prevented his producing 900 consecutive Club bulletins for Easton Rotarians.

Third, Frank Honicker, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, who has rested enough from his Secretarial labors each week to get out 1,100 consecutive folders.

Fourth, the Camden, New Jersey, editor and Secretary, John H. Booth, who has persevered through 1,200 weekly publication dead lines.

Perhaps there are others with records just as outstanding—probably so. I

just happen to know of these. But think of the records these have made. Think of the joys and disappointments, the pilfered jokes, and the original editorials such records mean!

Personally, I owe much to these Club

The Wheel of Fortune

Vol. 1. San Antonio, Texas, October 11, 1912 No. 1



The Wheel of Fortune

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE is in the ring. It has been rolled there by its proud and hopeful Editors who trust it will meet with your commendation and forbearance.

In the selection of a name we feel that we have done something quite clever. Anyone with half a brain can see the appropriateness. The wheel of course stands for Rotarianism and fortune is what Rotarianism is helping its members to gain. So

The observant reader will perceive in the foregoing a palpable attempt at clever writing. That is almost always the earmark of an amateur author.

And when we reflect that the announced policy of this publication is to have a different editor each month, all amateurs, we say with just a little trepidation, "Here's to The Wheel of Fortune! May it live long and prosper!"

There's just one bright thought. The Cherry Sisters were so bad that they made a great success.

—J. R. S.

PORTIONS of three pages of the first issue of the first weekly Rotary Club publication of record. The initials are those of its first editor, Jesse Rainsford Sprague, then a retail jeweler of San Antonio, Tex. His editorial experiences led him to become one of America's distinguished business authors, a frequent contributor to *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Rotarian*, and other magazines.

publications in teaching me a great deal about Rotary itself. But in looking them over, I can see that each covers the great program of Rotary. Each, in its way, unfolds a little bit of the great message of service each week, so that the 52 annual issues make a whole.

Among the most interesting publications that an "exchange editor" gets are those from overseas Rotary Clubs. Many of them are printed in languages we cannot read, but more and more of us are getting to know the meaning of those in Spanish and Portuguese.

Some Swiss Club publications are in

French, and some of them are in German. Some of the Netherlands Indies are in Dutch, but usually with a page or a paragraph in English. And in South Africa they are usually in English with a page or a paragraph in Cape Dutch or *Afrikaans*.

The Chinese Clubs usually publish bulletins in English. Many of these are outstanding publications in every way. Perhaps *The Pagoda* of the Shanghai Rotary Club is the biggest and fullest.

A newcomer is a bulletin from the "Inter-Allied Rotary Outpost in London." This is a club of former Rotarians from Axis-occupied countries now living in or near London. Casimir Zienkiewicz, formerly editor of the Polish Rotary magazine and Past President of the former Katowice Rotary Club, is the secretary of the club, which meets fortnightly and has members from former Rotary Clubs in Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Belgium, France, and The Netherlands on its roster.

Club publications cannot do it all. Even *THE ROTARIAN*, with its constant coverage of the four lanes of Rotary service, and all the literature of Rotary's Secretariat cannot do it all. The "last step" was summed up in an editorial in my own Club's *Scandal Sheet*:

"Here we come in a half-serious way to tell you that Rotary can't offer us complete sociability. The last step is an individual one. Rotary can and does provide us with the opportunity to chat in an informal way, but unless we 'take down our hair' and loosen up our mental joints, we'll find ourselves being friendly in much the same way as we are when a customer enters our place of business. Friendly, yes. But with a sort of shield or guard between us—not the kind of friendship Rotary fosters. What we have to do is get in close together and talk with abandon with no fear of making fools of ourselves and with no glances askance at each other."

And so, week by week, these Club editors add a little two- or four-page paper to their loose-leaf files, gradually accumulating a number of volumes which serve as a history of their Clubs. To me it seems a romantic part they play in recording the history of a great movement for Club, for Vocational, for Community, and for International Service.

How about Our Club?

How many Rotary Clubs have "Club pubs"? The Secretariat of Rotary International estimates there are some 2,800—not to mention 25 or so Regional or District periodicals. When you consider the fact that many Clubs change editors each year, there's point to the quip that Rotary is an international school of correspondents.

If you, gentle reader, are the editor of your Club's publication, you can glean helpful hints from Rotary International File 436.—Eds.



FOR JUST 69 years, St. Johns, Michigan, tried to grow up into a city. Then, 18 years ago, its bright young men looked at the prospect of decay and disintegration—and put it on its feet.

Founded in 1855, when the railroad came through, St. Johns was the center of a rich agricultural district. Logically, it became the county seat of Clinton County and the distribution center for the farmers of the vicinity. But if only St. Johns, thought many a St. Johnsite, could like many a small town back in New England have a factory payroll!

Then, Opportunity thumped on the door. It was at the turn of the century. Over at Detroit, a chap named Ford was tinkering with a horseless carriage; at Flint, a man named Buick was experimenting with another; at near-by Lansing, Olds was at work on still another. Factories were springing up like mushrooms. Michigan's industrial revolution was aborning. St. Johnsmen glimpsed the promised land.

They offered cheap power from their municipal plant, tax exemptions, and similar bait. Finally a table factory nibbled, was landed. It flourished—under a cash bonus plan—for a while. Then it moved away, leaving about one-fourth of St. Johns' wage earners jobless.

The town-owned factory building fol-

lowed a similar pattern. Business after business moved in, then out, with sickening regularity. But all was forgiven and forgotten in 1917 when the Hayes Wheel Company took over and put 250 men to work making auto wheels.

St. Johns then boomed. Local business and professional men raised 150,000 good dollars and built a motor-truck plant. Its prospects were bright—until mass production at Detroit and other centers dimmed, then extinguished, them. Even the wheel factory, by 1923, moved to a center closer to its market. St. Johns ruefully surveyed two empty factory buildings.

Businessmen were glum. Lacking work, whole families and young men and women moved to greener pastures, until the town's population dipped under 4,000. Worse—two new highways crossed in St. Johns, and local merchants saw their trade destined to scoot over the concrete to bigger stores in larger cities.

Then was when some of St. Johns' younger men rubbed their eyes, shook themselves, and determined to do something to turn the tide. They surged into the Chamber of Commerce, insistently demanding action. Early in 1924 they invited Professor Eben Mumford, of the Michigan Agricultural College, to come

over, take off the gloves, and tell them what was wrong and just how they could make it right. Here's a part of what he said:

"The small town which is as fortunately located in a rich farming section as is St. Johns, and which provides the various services which the people of the section need and demand, will survive. It may even grow and progress in spite of the paved highways and population drift.

"Such a town must provide first-class schools, a variety of up-to-date churches, modern hospital facilities, efficient retail and wholesale markets, sound, sympathetic banking institutions, and ample recreational opportunities.

"Develop your rich existing resources and stop trying to attract to your town industries foreign to it. Work with what you have—that another town cannot lure away from you with a bonus."

That seemed to make sense to a young agricultural agent named Howard Kittle. Also to Schuyler L. Marshall, a newspaperman, and to Henry Hulse, a clothier, and to Lester Lake, a jeweler, and to Dean W. Hart, a physician, and to Clark S. Gregory, a lawyer, and to Clarence D. Ebert, a mortician. Young men, all of them.

They worked on the idea—finally put it down in black and white as a plan for (a) a long-term development of the

IN ST. JOHNS' profitable return to its grass roots, 4-H Clubs have helped markedly. Here 4-H girls show a leader some of their canning. **THIS FARMER**, getting double attention, is a patient in the Michigan town's new county hospital. Towner and farmer built it together.



town's commercial, cultural, and recreational facilities, and (b) a get-acquainted campaign among the farmers. St. Johns wasn't going to be a factory town. It would just be itself.

Kittle became Chamber of Commerce secretary and went to work. He persuaded and cajoled representative townsmen to attend dinners in grange and township halls. He got the Chamber to provide music and speakers and to help pay for the dinners the farm wives cooked and served. His appetite for fried chicken finally waned, but his spirit did not, and he kept at it. The farmer must know the town; the town must know the farmer.

Back in 1923, St. Johns had been surveyed for a Rotary Club, but a fine start had come to naught when local industries sickened and died. "St. Johns has different problems from other towns," it was asserted, "and just now a Rotary Club cannot help us."

By 1926 that mistake was realized. If it were important for the farmer and town to know each other, it was doubly important that the towners should know each other—and *well*. Lee Dewitt, one of the original planners, became a charter member of the new Rotary Club, soon to be followed by three others of that group—Newspaperman Marshall, Dr. Hart, and Lawyer Gregory.

Rotarian Marshall fitted his newspaper into the community program with studied effectiveness. Pictures and "quotes" and editorials on county-wide topics tightened the new bonds between town and rural folk. He launched into a cherished project—a drive for a county hospital, a project long needed and the subject of desultory discussion since 1920. St. Johns citizens subscribed \$90,000, the farmers \$25,000, and the county government gave \$30,000. Additional private subscriptions gave \$26,000 to help furnish and equip it.

The hospital was dedicated in 1927. Editor Marshall was accorded the public-service award of one of the newspaper trade journals for his work in bringing it about. Every doctor in St. Johns is a resident physician. In 13 years the hospital has served 17,000 patients. For ten years it has operated at a profit. Improvements costing \$60,000 have been furnished out of earnings.

Professor Mumford's suggestions placed education first. St. Johns had maintained very high standards in its schools, but the plant was deteriorating. There were two rather out-of-date primary schools. The high school was cramped into the same building with a kindergarten, eight primary grades, and the county normal school. The principal of the high school was a Rotarian,

Herold C. Hunt,* later to be Governor of the Rotary District and superintendent of St. Johns schools.

Another Rotarian, Arthur E. Wilson, donated a commanding site in the middle of town and the voters approved a bond issue for a new and modern high school. It has a well-equipped gymnasium and a modern auditorium, used regularly for public meetings that formerly were held in private or semipublic halls, such as the churches. More than half the students come from the rural areas of Clinton County and pay tuition. A new grade school followed.

Recreational facilities were high on the list of urgent necessities, and to this problem the boosters turned. A small beginning had been made when, in 1916, the town had paid \$6,900 for 60 acres of land, two-thirds wooded, at the edge of the city limits. Largely undeveloped, the Chamber of Commerce set about making a real park of it.

Why not use the old, abandoned, town-owned factories? They were torn down and the brick used to build pavilions, comfort stations, a band shell, and a caretaker's home. Softball, baseball, and football fields as well as tennis courts were laid out and lighted.

The largest pavilion was dedicated to



THIS PARK caretaker's home is a monument to St. Johns' unwept past. It's built of brick from an abandoned factory.

the use of 4-H Clubs, whose membership is composed of sons and daughters of farmers. Regular band concerts, with five-minute talks on community and county problems, were arranged for the Summer season. The farmers were "sold" on the idea that the park was for them as well as for the townfolk.

Out of this educational-recreational program grew, in part at least, the new municipal building—built partly with funds from a bequest and partly by a PWA (Public Works Administration) grant. Formerly the city offices occupied drab quarters over the fire-engine house; formerly the Ladies' Library, a semiprivate institution of small merit, had utilized a room in the same building. Now a modest but attractive civic center shelters municipal offices, a small auditorium, a public library.

Business growth followed the im-

* Now superintendent of schools, Kansas City, Missouri.

provement in cultural facilities. The merchants and bankers who had sustained the campaign for better schools and parks had really got the spirit of cooperation and an inkling of what the farmers, their real customers, wanted. Stores spruced up, modernized. Chain stores opened, and were found to attract customers for all stores.

Clinton County farmers engage in diversified agriculture, so St. Johns requires many types of wholesale and retail facilities. There were grain elevators, a wholesale grocery, and a cream-egg-poultry broker. There was even a small, somewhat dilapidated stockyard. This has now been rebuilt and enlarged until it has the biggest volume of business in the State outside of Detroit, and serves practically the northern half of the State.

Since business attracts business, a large chain of dealers in hardware and automobile accessories established their Michigan warehouse in St. Johns. Traffic on the roads brought service stations and roadside restaurants. Out in the country some bright young fellows bought up a few acres of muck land and planted it with peppermint. Today the "St. Johns field" covers 15,000 acres and does an annual business of 1½ million dollars. (Rotarian E. A. Livingston has the unique classification of peppermint producing!) It is the biggest single peppermint plantation in the United States.

Two factories remain, both local in origin and products—a small foundry and a small manufacturer of farm implement parts. They employ 60 men on a full-time, year-round basis.

Today St. Johns is studied by planning experts as a model for other Midwestern towns. It has good movies, good restaurants, well-paved streets, and a generally up-and-coming air which contrasts vividly with its appearance of 20 years ago. It has a city-manager form of government to administer its physical properties of 1½ million dollars—nearly one-third of which is in the school plant. There is no bond indebtedness, despite a 17-year record of continual improvement.

St. Johns had the courage to turn its back on alien industrial development and face the facts. If it wanted to forego "mechanization," it could be a successful rural metropolis. As a result, it has become a busy, happy, prosperous community, with no slums, no burdensome unemployment problem.

Wise old Aesop tells us, in one of his fables, of a frog that tried to attain the size of a cow by inflating itself—but blew up in the attempt. St. Johns, now, is quite content to be a frog, perhaps one should say, just big enough for its own puddle.

Peeps at Things to Come

New Drying Oils. A new process for increasing the drying qualities of domestic oils (soybean and cottonseed oils, particularly) yields semisynthetic oils closely resembling tung oil. The initial operation is similar to soap boiling, but conducted at a higher temperature and for a longer time. By this means rearrangement of the chemical structure of the oils is accomplished. Treatment of the resulting soap with acid frees its fatty acids, which can be reconverted to oil with glycerol or other alcohols.

Glass Spheres for Safety. Soon all kinds of obstructions on the water as well as along roads may be marked with reflecting surfaces made by cementing to them a layer of tiny glass spheres. The headlights of a car or the searchlight of a boat are freely reflected by the glass spheres, enabling the operator to spot obstructions at night. The spheres used are so small that 5,000 of them cover a single square inch when cemented to fabric or other backing.

Doubling Up on Photos. Double exposures may become highly practical, and, instead of wasting good films, actually double the number of pictures that can be taken on each space. The product of a new photographic process looks to the eye like an ordinary double exposure and, if anything, is more of a hodgepodge. However, the inventor, who refuses to reveal details for reasons of defense, states that either of the two pictures can be viewed separately by using polarized light. Defense use is reported to be in making photographic prints on films unintelligible blurs until and unless examined in a special viewer.

Auto Static. Chains dangling from gasoline trucks and metal whiskers set in the road in front of toll booths are designed to conduct away the charge of static electricity developed in automobiles and other rubber-tired vehicles travelling along highways. Unfortunately these measures are not always effective and new methods have been sought of safely and surely dissipating these charges, which are dangerous with gasoline around and annoying to persons and to the car radio. Electrically conducting rubber for tires will not do a satisfactory job, but a recent investigation has shown that a small amount (half a teaspoonful) of a special powdered metal injected into the ordinary tire with its air so reduces the charge that can be built up on the car as to make the electrical effect negligible.

Defense Use for Silver. Ordinarily silver is far too expensive to be used for electrical conductors, a purpose for which it is better than copper. How-

ever, with silver bullion in large quantities lying idle in Government vaults when copper is urgently needed in many defense applications, the suggestion that the huge bus bars carrying electricity in Government-owned aluminum and magnesium plants be made of silver is far from a pipe dream. No harm would be done to the Government's white metal, and the plants will necessarily operate continuously under guard. The estimated saving in copper would amount to some 25,000 badly needed tons. If other plants employing huge electrical conductors could also put silver to work, even larger amounts of copper might be freed for defense use. After the emergency is over, replacement of silver by copper would be simple, but meanwhile an important job would have been done by an idle metal.

Self-Sealing Hose. Much has been said of the development of fuel tanks for airplanes and tanks that seal themselves after the passage of bullets. Now the connecting hoses which carry the fuel to the engine can be made similarly proof against bullets. The new hose has an inner layer of synthetic rubber resistant to gasoline and a layer next to that which seals itself against several pounds' pressure even after several machine-gun bullets have passed through it.

Inspecting 'Innards.' Surgeons may be able to simplify their work by looking inside their patients before they begin extensive operations. A new instrument allows an experienced operator to look around in the human abdomen and inspect many of its parts by inserting the end of what looks like a metal rod through a small incision. In principle, the instrument resembles the telescopes used to inspect the bores of guns, but before it is inserted for inspection the patient's abdomen is gently

inflated with air. The telescope, or Ruddock Peritoneoscope as it is properly called, carries a tiny light at its head to enable the surgeon to see.

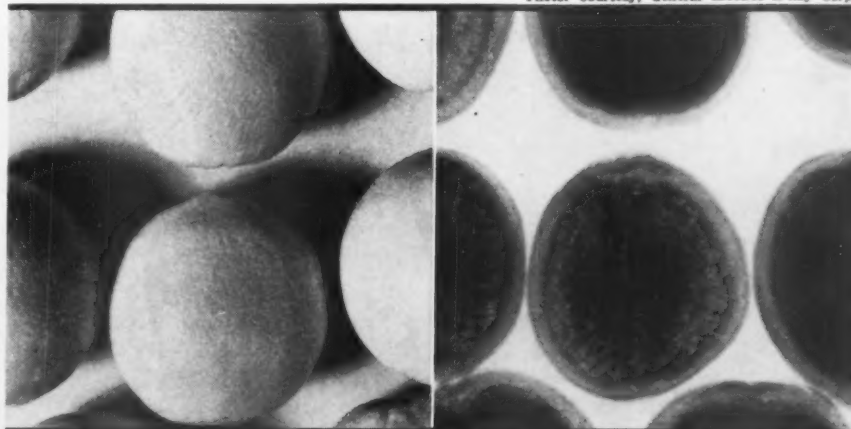
Reflectionless Windows. Lenses, prisms, and other glass optical parts are now given an extremely thin coating (about a quarter as thick as the wave length of light) to reduce reflection and improve the seeing power of the instruments in which they are used. Now, the same technique is being applied to window glass to cut down the reflection of light by windows. Treatment of the glass with a very dilute solution of hydrofluoric acid (1:200) forms a film of calcium fluoride of the requisite thinness on the surface. Whereas ordinary glass reflects 10 percent of the light striking it, treated glass reflects less than 1 percent. Soon all windows in important buildings may be treated to take advantage of the additional light treated glass transmits.

Burn Healer. Sulfadiazine, a member of the sulfanilamide family of potent germ killers, appears now in a new rôle as an effective treatment for severe burns. A solution of the drug in triethanolamine (chemical relative of ethylene glycol used to keep your car from freezing in Winter) is sprayed on the burned skin and promotes swift healing without the usual severe scarring, according to Dr. Kenneth L. Pickrell, of Johns Hopkins Hospital. Many cases so far reported showed almost magical recovery without the need for skin grafting or plastic surgery.

Zinc Coating Process. Application of zinc to iron and steel parts to protect them from corrosion requires high-grade zinc, if the ordinary methods are used. A new method of electroplating the zinc coating consumes dross, skimmings, and other zinc wastes as its raw material instead of high-purity metal. The process is economical only where more than a ton and a half of metal a day is to be applied.

This department is conducted by D. H. Killeffer. Address inquiries to Peeps Department, THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Photos Courtesy, General Electric X-Ray Corp.



MAYBE you're not able to separate the good from the bad among the oranges at the left, but not so the X ray. The mottled appearance (right) indicates the fruit has been frozen.

The Scratchpad Man Slips Off
to Vancouver, B.C.'s, 18th—

Rotary Ice Carnival

"NOW REMEMBER, Paddy! Cover everything! Cover all the angles!" My Chief's advice is usually good. This piece of it—with which he sped me to Vancouver's 18th annual Rotary Ice Carnival—was *no* good. A skating show, I learned in Canada, *has* no angles. Only curves . . . only curves.

It was while studying some of the same—and I refer, of course, to the curves etched into the ice by ringing blades—that, wham! my lights went out. My skates had let me down. But I "came to," my noggin throbbin', and got this story:

One night 18 Winters ago, Vancouver

Rotarians invited the town in to see a home-talent skating show. It was a new way to raise money for community welfare. Skating lovers jammed the arena . . . and swelled the fund. Overnight the Rotary Ice Carnival became an institution—one which has raised roughly \$160,000, and which has set the pattern for many other Rotary ice carnivals.

But there's nothing "home talenty" about the show Vancouver Rotarians give you now. I saw it three times—at the matinee for school children, at the two evening performances—and I'm here to say that it is as slick as the ice itself.

Work? You bet. Ask Carnival Chairman Jacob E. Buerk, seen in the middle of this Committee (below), or Club President Charles J. McNeely, shown fondling the mail orders. But all eminently worth it. This season's profits—about \$10,000—all go to the Queen's Canadian Fund for (British) air-raid victims.

But here's the real story: Just when all was set, war broke in the Pacific. Go ahead with the Carnival? Well, why not? Would blacked-out, bomb-conscious Vancouver turn out? It would and did—16,500 strong—to see "the best show yet."

—THE SCRATCHPAD MAN



The Committee Meets



The Big Ice Rink





Sellers Check In
A grease-painted skater buys a Yes, buys. No handouts to this is all for bombed-out Britons. girls handle sale of the books.

OF LAUGHTER there is lots—and Grandma (below) helps provoke it. "She" is famed skater Les Hamilton, who, at show's end, goes into the United States Army Air Corps.

AN OFF-STAGE CHAT—between Norah McCarthy, of Toronto, and Bobby Specht, of Chicago, both champion figure skaters, dazzling soloists. . . . Rotarians are busy as ushers, announcers, what not—wear labelling caps.

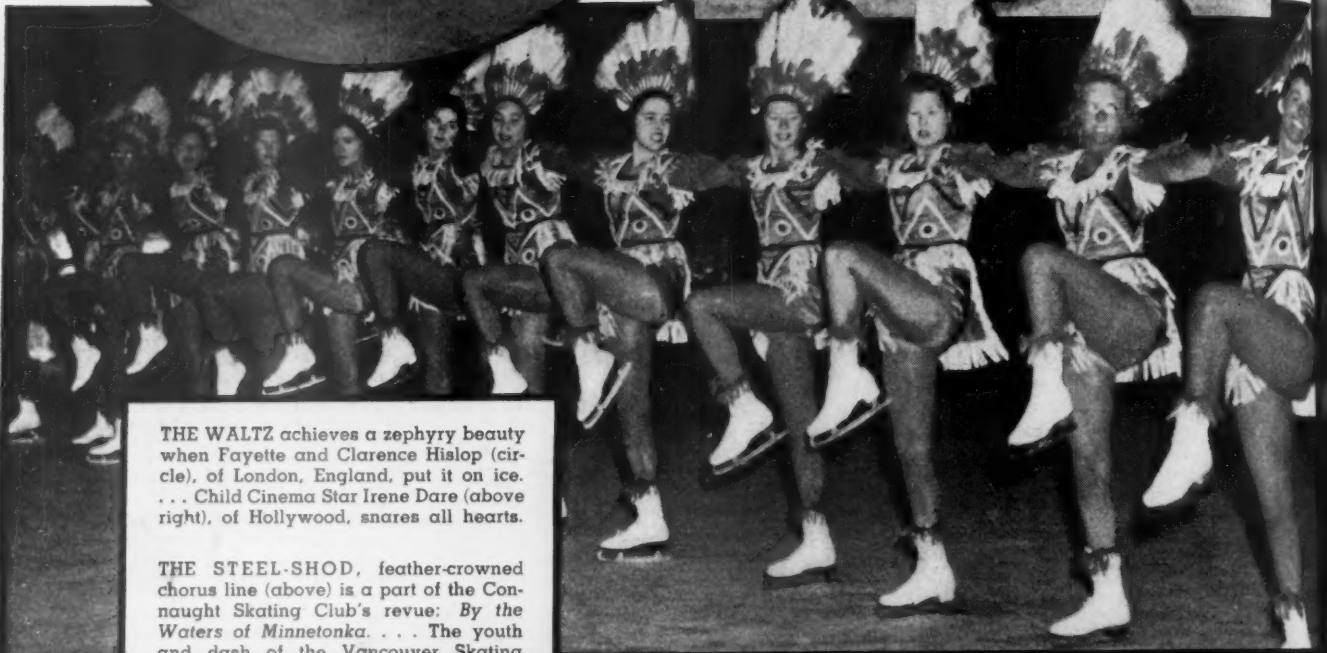


LAVISH spectacle is *An Idyl of the Nile*, which puts Cleopatra and Antony on skates. The view below is only partial. Sinuous dancing cavorters, fill the ice. Orchids go to Vancouver Skating Club.

Net proceeds, \$10,000, will bring Rotary Clubs of British Columbia that sum nearer their joint goal of over \$50,000 for the Queen's Canadian Fund for air-raid victims. Over half that amount is already assured.

All photos by Claud F. Detloff





THE WALTZ achieves a zephyry beauty when Fayette and Clarence Hislop (circle), of London, England, put it on ice. . . . Child Cinema Star Irene Dare (above right), of Hollywood, snares all hearts.

THE STEEL-SHOD, feather-crowned chorus line (above) is a part of the Connaught Skating Club's revue: *By the Waters of Minnetonka*. . . . The youth and dash of the Vancouver Skating Club Four (below) give the program verve. Amateurs, yes—but what polish!



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Hi, Old-Timers!

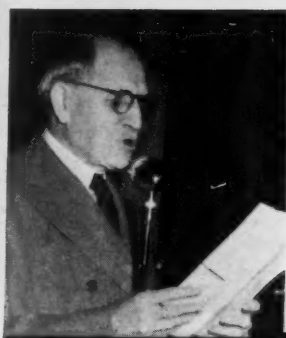
"THERE was Paul and there was Silvester and there were Gus and Hiram," recalled the speaker—and to the minds of 100 men came a picture of the first meeting of the first Rotary Club in the world—back in 1905. The 100 men? They'd come to dine on lobster and chat of other days with the old-timers of Old Number One—the Rotary Club of Chicago. They had been brought together by Harry L. Ruggles (photo at right), fifth man in Rotary, who introduced Club singing in 1908 and who still leads 'em at weekly meetings.

It was a gathering of good fellows—from the "classes" of '05, '06, '07, and on down through the years. Of the original four who had met in Chicago's Unity Building on Dearborn Street that cold February night 37 years ago, only Silvester Schiele could be on hand, but

others who became Rotarians that same year were there to relive the beginnings of what is now a world-wide movement.

The program? Handled by the old-timers themselves: "Bill" Traub, '06, 75-year-old harmonica wizard; Pianist "Joe" Hahn, '16, veteran member, and his toe-tapping tunes; Harry McEvoy, '17, and his stories; "Ches" Perry, '08, and "Rufe" Chapin, '05, Rotary's long-time Secretary and Treasurer, respectively, who reenacted the Chicago Club's anniversary program of 1922. The meeting's climax? It came with "Rufe's" tribute to "Ches," "whose full measure of devotion to Rotary is surpassed by none."

Someone once wrote a song about fair weather and good fellows. Old-timers of Old Number One must have been its inspiration!



"ALMOST like yesterday . . ." and Rufus Chapin (above), Rotary's Treasurer, reads the Chicago Rotary Club's anniversary program given back in '22.

"COME, GENTLEMEN, have a claw," Restaurateur J. H. Ireland (left above), '13, spoofs E. E. Wilt, '08, and B. E. Arntzen, '05, who seem to be wary of lobsters. . . . For 20 years these Rotarians (right above)—Dr. E. R. Procter, '06; Photographer A. H. Stadler, '07; Father E. J. Mullaly, '20—have golled together. Here they are recalling each other's putts and slices. The joke is on "Doc"—but he can take it.

(RIGHT) Montague M. Bear (hand to face), '05, tells of an incident of the past for Silvester Schiele (center), first Club President, and Chesley R. Perry, '08, Secretary of Rotary International.



EVERY old-timer recalled other good times made better by the harmonica nestling in the hands of 75-year-old William F. Traub.



Rotary Reporter

Rotary Clubs
5,100

Rotarians
212,000



'Sister' Clubs in the Americas

There have been many cases of service activities between "sister" Rotary Clubs in England and America of late—Clubs in cities of the same name. But it remained for the Rotary Club of MERCEDES, TEX., to discover a service to "sister" Clubs in South America.

Noting in the *Official Directory* that there were four other cities named MERCEDES, the Texas Club sent four "Fourth Object subscriptions" for REVISTA ROTARIA (Spanish edition of THE ROTARIAN), and asked that one be sent to each of the sister-named towns to a public library. The Rotary Clubs of MERCEDES in the Provinces of Buenos Aires, San Luis, and Corrientes in Argentina, and in Uruguay, supplied the names of the libraries and the MERCEDES, BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA, Club sent a gift of books by local authors to the Texas "sister" Club.

Everybody Wins —but the Board

Attendance contests are not unusual, but the Rotary Club of SEGUIN, TEX., thinks its recent membership competition had a new ending. When the two teams into which the Club was divided were averaged, each was found to have 99.46 percent for the month. The contest was prolonged for another month to break the tie—and each team turned in a 100 percent record! Despairing of a solution, the Board of Directors arranged for a special party for members of the Club.

Banquet on Banks of Old Raritan

When the local high-school football players were guests of the SOMERVILLE, N. J., Rotary Club recently, the Club had a special reason for welcoming them. They had won the Somerset County football championship. As customary at the annual foot-

ball banquet, the SOMERVILLE-RARITAN Exchange Club acted as co-host.

The winner of the city football championship of TAMPA, FLA., among the four high schools of that city was promised a permanent plaque and a leg on a cup to remain permanently at the first school winning it three times. Only—because the 1941 season ended in a tie, the TAMPA Rotary Club, donor of cup and plaques, had two of the latter and two "legs" on the cup to give.

'Iron Lung' Proves Its Value

The "iron lung" purchased for its city by the Rotary Club of HIGH POINT, N. C. (August, 1941, ROTARIAN, *Rotary Reporter* department), soon proved its value. A nurse in the near-by city of WINSTON-SALEM was stricken with a pulmonary paralysis. The "lung," mounted in a truck (see accompanying photo), was rushed to WINSTON-SALEM in 30 minutes by the fire department. At last reports the patient was recovering. Less than a month later a man suffocated by smoke in a fire was rescued and placed in the "lung." A few hours later he was able to breathe naturally again.

Birthdays Fall— New and Old

Greetings to these new Clubs recently admitted to membership in Rotary International: Port Huene, Calif.; North Haven, Conn.; Almirante Brown, Argentina; Feira de Sant'Anna, Brazil; Alagoinhas, Brazil; Jackson Hole, Wyo.; Bremerton, Wash.; and five more Clubs in Brazil—Alegre, Muqui, Siqueira Campos, Colatina, and Anapolis.

To celebrate its 20th anniversary, the Rotary Club of ORANGE, CALIF., invited all former members to the party. Fourteen of the Club's 20 Past Presidents were present.

Clubs which recently celebrated their

25th anniversaries include Oshkosh, Wis.; Missoula, Mont.; Champaign, Ill.; Everett, Wash.; Dodge City, Kans.; Miami, Fla.; Kewanee, Ill.; Shawnee, Okla.; Greensboro, N. C.; Helena, Ark.; Albany, Ga.; Alliance, Ohio; Wilson, N. C.; Sunbury, Pa.; Green Bay, Wis.; Salina, Kans.; and Rogers, Ark.

The DENVER, COLO., Rotary Club was host to all former Rotarians who could



THE GIFT of the High Point, N. C., Rotary Club, whose story is in the adjoining column.

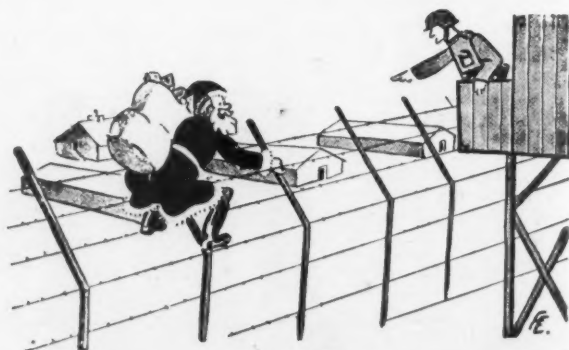
be present at the recent celebration of its 30th anniversary. A Rotary lapel button with suitable inscription was presented to each of the 12 surviving charter members.

Rotary Service in Brazil

Every year the Rotary Club of BEBEDOURO, BRAZIL, holds a Spring fair to raise money for various charitable organizations of the town. In preparation for the 1941 fair (Spring falls in the latter part of the year south of the equator), the Club reviewed the event's five-year record, and learned that annual receipts had shown a constant growth, with a total of 354,095 milreis (approximately \$2,000, United States currency). About half of this had been paid over to the Misericordia Home, one-quarter to the St. Vincent de Paul Asylum, and the remainder to vari-

CENSORS thought this postcard humorous. They permitted prisoners to send copies of it to the Rotary Relief Fund. Food packages still go!

Kriegsgefangenenpost LUFTPOST BY CLIPPER
Postkarte THE SECRETARY.
An ROTARY INTERNATIONAL
CENTRAL OFFICE
35 EAST WACKER DRIVE
CHICAGO
Gebührenfrei
Absender:
Vor- und Zuname:
Gefangenenummer:
Lager-Bezeichnung:
Kriegsgef.-Offizierlager VI B
Deutschland (Allemagne)
Empfangsort:
Straße:
Land: USA
Landsteil (Province usw.):



BUT I ASSURE YOU MY DEAR CHAP — I REALLY AM FATHER CHRISTMAS!

ous relief funds, including the national infant-welfare drive.

In one month the Rotary Club of JAHU reported a 100 percent meeting, while that of SOROCABA held two such.

Lacking a meeting place worthy of its aims, the Rotary Club of JACARÉZINHO took the lead in plans which resulted in a clubhouse for the city's Social Club.

Last year the Rotary Club of SANTO AMARO undertook the raising of funds for a dental clinic for poor children, and has since presented it to the local League against Infant Mortality. For the present year the Club has undertaken the creation of an asylum for homeless old folk, and has already raised nearly enough to complete the project.

Young and Old— The Rotary Club of 'Swellin' Wisibly' WOODVILLE, TEX., has yet to celebrate its third birthday, but it recently won a local contest for floats in the Parent-Teacher Association's carnival parade, and is even more proud of a nine-man increase in membership. . . . And the HARRISBURG, PA., Rotary Club took in 14 new members at one meeting not long ago!

Labor Shortage? When heavy rains flooded sugar-beet fields and threatened to slow down harvesting because of slow going and labor shortage in ITHACA, MICH., local Rotarians pitched in with other citizens to save the crop. The Rotarian editor and manager of the newspaper organized the work, the Rotarian school superintendent permitted the student council to join in the work, and Rotarian businessmen donned boots and mackinaws to get out and pull beets.

Rotary in a World at War Many Rotary Clubs in Great Britain would like to correspond with Rotary Clubs in the United States. Among those which have expressed their desire are the Clubs at COLCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, ORPINGTON, MANCHESTER, BOOTLE, and CLACKTON-ON-SEA. United States Clubs wishing to take up this offer can write to the Central Office of Rotary International, 35 East Wacker Drive, CHICAGO, ILL.

As a greeting to its namesake town in England, the Rotary Club of UXBRIDGE, MASS., sent 900 Christmas cards from school children to the UXBRIDGE, ENGLAND, Rotary Club, which will distribute them to children of the same age.

English Rotary Clubs have developed a "quiz program" for Rotary discussions, which they call a "Rotary Brains Trust." Four members act as the experts and essay to answer Rotary questions the others send in. The Rotary Club of SKIPTON has challenged other Clubs to competition.

In conjunction with the local railway, the Rotary Club of STROKE-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND, has established sleeping bunks at the station for the use of servicemen on leave who arrive too late at night to reach their homes. . . . Members of the



Photo: Rotarian E. S. Ragsdale

SHORTLY before the invasion of the Philippine Islands the Rotary Club of Baguio, chief city of the Lingayan Gulf region, entertained eight divisional commanders of the Philippine Army at a regular meeting, attended also by the civil authorities of the locality.

Photo: Kelly



GUESTS of the Rotary Club of Birmingham, Ala., recently were 125 student pilots of the British Royal Air Force who are training at flying fields in the vicinity. A feature of the party was the presence of many young ladies, daughters and nieces of Rotarians.

Photo: Acme



LIBYAN desert forces of the British Imperial Army are supplied with reading matter—and among the magazines being sorted out by these volunteers and "W.A.A.F.s" for shipment, *The Rotarian* pops up in the foreground. Reports say it's one of the most popular in camp.



GENIAL B. O. Jones gives Tribune "Goodfellow" pins to some fellow Chicago Rotarians who gave Christmas baskets to needy folk.



WHOSE fault? In drama form, Shreveport, La., Rotarians saw a "wayward" boy's life.



INTERNATIONAL Services: (Above) View of the Pan-American program presented by the wives of Tulsa, Okla., Rotarians, and (below) a meeting for consular officials of the Americas at a luncheon of the West Los Angeles, Calif., Rotary Club. A consul headed each table.



BALHAM, ENGLAND, Rotary Club have subscribed £134 through the Club for the national savings movement.

From funds raised at its recent Halloween carnival, the Rotary Club of KITCHENER-WATERLOO, ONT., CANADA, has cabled \$1,000 for war-relief purposes to T. D. Young, of NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, President of Rotary International in Great Britain and Ireland.

Among recent activities of Rotarians of BALLARAT, AUSTRALIA, was home hospitality for soldiers and airmen from local camps—that is, opening their homes for meals and entertainment to these men on their short leaves. Also, a revue was sponsored which raised £150 for the bombed-victims fund, and the members subscribed for and purchased a loud speaker and amplifiers for an Army camp and also for a hostel.

The surplus of the fund from which the DURBAN, SOUTH AFRICA, Rotary Club purchased a mobile canteen will be the nucleus of a fund to endow a bed in a LONDON, ENGLAND, hospital.

The Rotary Club of LAUNCESTON, AUSTRALIA, shipped 19 cases containing approximately 2,000 articles of clothing and sent £25 in cash to the Rotary Club of LONDON, ENGLAND, for air-raid victims. . . . Books for the Navy, 4,300 of them, were sent by the Rotary Club of BUITENZORG, NETHERLANDS EAST INDIES. . . . Entertaining of men from the troops by visits to factories, by motor and launch trips, and in homes features the national service activities of the Rotary Club of CALCUTTA, INDIA.

Magazines and books collected by the

Rotary Club of BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA, were distributed at numerous near-by camps. The Club also contacted all other Australian Clubs to ask notification of Rotarians or sons of Rotarians in local camps, so that special entertainment could be arranged. Other activities included collecting of some 500 suits for English bomb victims and their shipment to England, collecting of netting for camouflage purposes, and participation in all local war activities.

The Rotary Club of TULLY, AUSTRALIA, raised £26 for local combined patriotic funds. . . . At ROCKHAMPTON, AUSTRALIA, the Rotary Club collected 575 articles of clothing for air-raid victims and shipped them to England. . . . From funds collected for a mobile canteen (see *Rotary Reporter* in the December, 1941, ROTARIAN), the Rotary Club of BOKSBURG, SOUTH AFRICA, and representatives of the public who contributed, decided to send two canteens to England, to equip the dining-room and lounge of the local Aftercare Home for Soldiers, and to send the remainder to the Premier for the purchase of canteens or other units for use of South African troops.

Rotary not "as usual," but "better than usual" seems to be the motto in Great Britain and Ireland. Growth of many Clubs is remarkable—19 of 250 that reported had an increase of three or more members. The peak was seven for one Club, but three others had six, and two had five.

The Rotary Club of AMHERSTBURG, ONT., CANADA, was host recently to 25 men from the United States who were enlisting in the Royal Canadian Air Force. . . . The DRUMHELLER, ALTA., CANADA, Rotary Club arranged a Thanksgiving boxing exhibition at which soldiers from the near-by training center took part.

'Wings for Chile' A drive for civil funds to augment the Chilean air force led the Rotary Club of LAUTARO to hold a party, at which 5,774 Chilean pesos was raised for the fund.

The charity hospital of PITRUFQUEN is the proud owner of an ambulance, gift of the Rotary Club of the city. . . . The hospital of RANCAGUA received a sterilizer from the local Rotary Club, which also gave a luncheon for the children in the wards, through the generosity of one of the members.

After starting a public library for the city, the Rotary Club of QUILPUÉ has organized a separate library board to control and administer it. . . . Through one of its members the Rotary Club of PUERTO MONTT presented a radio receiver to a local school.

Turkeys Send Boys to School Thanksgiving time is a long way back, but here and there it had long-term results. The holiday means turkeys; turkeys mean purchasing; and so the Rotary Club of KENMORE, N. Y., went into the turkey business, on a limited scale, and netted \$115 for a student aid fund, which now totals more than \$2,000.



Scratchpaddings

PAUL HARRIS' Journeys. PAUL P. HARRIS, Founder and President Emeritus of Rotary International, recently returned to his Chicago home after several months' absence.

His first stop was Clifton Springs, N. Y., where he underwent a serious operation, from which he has thoroughly recovered. His next stop was in Vermont, where he lived as a boy, whence he returned to Chicago.

While at Clifton Springs, FOUNDER PAUL addressed an intercity meeting of Rotarians with the Clifton Springs Club as host (see cut). About 400 guests from New York and Canada, including many officers and past officers of Rotary International, attended.

Speaking on "The Genesis of Rotary," FOUNDER PAUL said, in part:

I am introduced tonight as the Founder of Rotary. . . . But in a movement which has been so fortunate as to have tens of thousands of important business and professional men always ready and willing to throw down their own business affairs and devote their time to the service of the movement, the meaning of the word "founder" has its limitations. . . .

Thoughts of Rotary seldom turn backward. Some think they do not turn even to the present as often as they should. As a matter of fact, I am still what I was in the beginning, a dreamer. . . . To me, the glory of Rotary is still in the future and my thoughts most naturally turn to its glory, as my eyes to the rising sun. The past is dead. Let it sleep in peace. . . .

I want to say that I believe Rotary is one sound foundation on which world peace can be predicated, and on no other foundation can permanent world peace be successful. We consider ourselves ambassadors of goodwill, both going and coming, planting friendship trees on all continents, emblematic of the international understanding and goodwill for which Rotary is standing.

Toronto Committees. Ten of the 17 Committees that the Toronto, Ont., Canada, Rotary Club as host Club will appoint for the 1942 Convention have now been selected. The local Publicity Committee, under CHAIRMAN HAROLD GULLY and VICE-CHAIRMAN HERBERT SOUTHALL, has already started to function.

Schoolmen Meet. The 25th annual meeting of the Rotary Schoolmasters' Club of the American Association of School Administrators will be held February 25 with the San Francisco, Calif., Rotary Club. Each year the Rotarian members of the Association hold a special gathering and elect officers. From 800 to 1,000 are usually present.

Learned Rotarians. The November number of *Phi Delta Kappan*, official organ of Phi Delta Kappa, professional education fraternity, is devoted to "Pan-American Intercultural Relationships." ROTARIAN PAUL M. COOK, of Homewood, Ill., the editor, presented articles by many leading educators and students, including ROTARIAN PHILIP C. LOVEJOY, Assistant General Secretary of Rotary

International, and ROTARIAN BEN M. CHERRINGTON, of the University of Denver. Both are members of the fraternity.

Rotary Wedding. When HARRY D. GUY, Past President of the Dallas, Tex., Rotary Club, was married not long ago, he made a bow to Rotary as the cause of it all, for his bride was a girl he met on the ship that took him to the 1937 Convention at Nice, France. The clergyman who united them was THE REV. E. LESLIE PIDGEON, of Montreal, Que., Canada, Past President of Rotary International.

'Hurricane Trip.' On October 1, 1941, H. M. DESAI, of Ahmedabad, India, assumed his duties of Governor of Rotary District 89 after a nine-week trip in which he flew 32,000 miles and addressed 18 Clubs outside of India. DR. DESAI, whom many readers met at Rotary's 1941 Convention at Denver, has been personal physician to MOHANDAS K. GANDHI (see page 14) for several years.

Men in Service. The Rotary Club of Salinas, Calif., would like to entertain Rotarians or sons of Rotarians stationed at Ford Ord, Calif. Just drop a note to CLUB SECRETARY F. E. HEPLER.

Revisits England. J. LAYTON RALSTON, Defense Minister of Canada, who with the late JAMES W. DAVIDSON carried Rotary to Australia and New Zealand, and who is now an honorary Rotarian at Halifax and at Yarmouth, N. S., and Montreal, Que., recently visited England, by air, for the second time since the outbreak of the war. His visit was to "keep in touch with the Canadian

troops and review Canadian activities."

Honors. When E. W. PALMER, of Kingsport, Tenn., Past Director of Rotary International, in his rôle as president of the National Society for Crippled Children made a presentation of the Society's distinguished service key for the second time in its history, it was to a group of five Rotarians. HARRY V. MCCHESENEY, of Frankfort, Ky.; CHARLES Q. CHANDLER, of Wichita, Kans.; ABE GOLDBERG, of Port Arthur, Tex.; THOS. H. BLAIR, of Ottawa, Ont., Canada; and PAUL H. KING, of Detroit, Mich., were the recipients. The occasion was the 20th anniversary dinner of the Society.

L. D. GAMMANS, charter member of the Kuala Lumpur, Federated Malay States, Rotary Club, and now a member of the London, England, Club, was recently elected to Parliament.



Gammans

THE RIGHT REV. MONS. JOHN L. BELFORD, member of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Rotary Club, has been elected president of the Sulpician Alumni at the tercentenary celebration of the founding of the order. . . . The first recipient of the "man of the year" award of the Cosmopolitan Club of Springfield, Ill., was ROTARIAN EDWARD S. PERRY for his community services.

JAMES V. LANIGAN and FRANK W. BER-



THE DUNN, N. C., Rotary Club's Pope family: Father L. B., Sr., Sons L. B., Jr., and Harold, all members, and Miss Barbara, Club pianist.



FOUNDER Paul Harris at the Clifton Springs, N. Y., intercity meeting. Story in first column.



Among Those Present—

For 15 years or more, these Rotarians have attended a Rotary Club meeting every week!

(1) J. O. Herity, commercial secretary, 16½ yrs., Belleville, Ont., Canada; (2) Sam Herzfeld, retail dry goods, 21 yrs., West Point, Ga.; (3) T. C. Parks, honorary, 20½ yrs., Rochester, Pa.; (4) P. M. Moore, building materials, 20 yrs., Allquippa, Pa.; (5) C. H. Brelsford, printing, 17 yrs.; (6) H. C. Wight, consulting engineer, 17½ yrs.; and (7) Thos. Mitchell, patterns, 19 yrs., all of Dayton, Ohio.

(8) Irwin Mims, men's furnishings, 20½ yrs., at Aberdeen, Miss., now member at Columbus, Miss.; (9) Walter de Mural, household furniture, 15½ yrs., Guines, Cuba; (10) Charles Weeks, stock breeder, 20 yrs., Detroit, Mich.; (11) Earl Westbrook, petroleum products, 15 yrs., Dunn, N. C.; (12) Clifton E. Densmore, wholesale groceries, 17½ yrs., Claremont, N. H.; (13) Robert W. H. Davis, coal retailing, 17½ yrs.; and (14) Edison Hope, tobacco wholesaling, 17½ yrs., both of Newport, Vt.; (15) Allan J. Payne, ready-to-wear retailing, 17 yrs., Slaton, Tex.; (16) Arthur Fairbanks, wholesale provisions, 17½ yrs., Presque Isle, Me.

(17) Fred E. Ridenour, florist, 19½ yrs., Harrisburg, Pa.; (18) Norman E. Dupont, optometrist, 20½ yrs., El Centro, Calif.; (19) Chas. M. Kimball, Jr., electrical supplies, 16½ yrs.; (20) Wm. S. Pettit, lumber—retail, 17½ yrs.; and (21) John A. Kinyon, life insurance salesman, 19½ yrs., all of Neodesha, Kans.; (22) Carl F. Beidenbach, tree and shrub growing, 22 yrs.; and (23) Robert T. MacDougall, florist, 21½ yrs., both of Berkeley, Calif.; (24) Vassar Somerville, horses and mules—wholesaling, 20½ yrs., Paris, Tenn.; (25) Clark Griffin, dentist, 16½ yrs., Cartersville, Ga.; (26) Kean Ashurst,

Sr., funeral directing, 18½ yrs., Georgetown, Ky.; (27) Stephen N. Harris, auto supplies, 15½ yrs., Savannah, Ga.; (28) John W. Ker, tailoring, 15½ yrs., Brockville, Ont., Canada; (29) R. T. Morrison, flour, 16 yrs., Luray, Va.

(30) Harry C. Fisher, feed and grain wholesale, 17½ yrs.; and (31) Chauncey M. Willey, banking—commercial, 17½ yrs., both of Barre, Vt.; (32) Lt. Col. Orville E. McKim, honorary, in service, 16½ yrs., Port Chester, N. Y.; (33) Frank S. Fifield, men's furnishings, 18½ yrs., Lebanon, N. H.; (34) Alfred T. Wright, publisher, 17½ yrs.; and (35) James F. Dewey, woolen mfg., 17½ yrs., both of White River Junction, Vt.; (36) Jack J. Block, notions, 15½ yrs.; (37) Otto H. Fischer, engines and supplies, 15½ yrs.; (38) Edwin B. Stoddard, bricks, 16 yrs.; and (39) Hal M. Atkinson, planing and sawmill, 15½ yrs., all of Oakland, Calif.

(40) Maurice F. Gerfen, inspection service, 18½ yrs.; and (41) Theodore J. Butts, carpet cleaning, 16 yrs., both of Sandusky, Ohio; (42) Wm. J. Botterill, fire insurance, 17½ yrs., Red Deer, Alta., Canada; (43) W. K. Fetter, mercantile agency, 15½ yrs., Phoenix, Ariz.; (44) Will T. Archer, real estate, 20½ yrs.; and (45) E. G. Rhoades, dentist, 20½ yrs., both of Sheffield, Ala.; (46) Guy Peabody, life insurance, 20½ yrs., Sedalia, Mo.; (47) Robert Waitt, program publisher, 23½ yrs., Richmond, Va.; (48) Alva F. Gluck, waxed-paper mfg., 16½ yrs., Minerva, Ohio; (49) Fred Rice, newspaper circulation, 17½ yrs., Wilmette, Ill., unbroken at Highland Park, Ill., present Club; (50) R. F. Tilley, jewelry, 17 yrs.; (51) A. P. Marshall, law, 17 yrs., both of Clearwater, Fla.

ing, both members of "Old Number One," the Chicago, Ill., Rotary Club, have been elected to honors in their respective trade associations. The former is now president of the American Association of Passenger Traffic Managers, and the latter is, for the 12th time, secretary of the American Hotel Association. . . . Two Omaha, Nebr., Rotarians are bearing new honors: W. D. LANE as president of the Associated Industries of Nebraska, and HARRY E. DICKINSON as president of the Nebraska Society for Crippled Children — his third term.

For 50 years ROTARIAN J. C. BREITHAUP has served the city of Kitchener, Ont., Canada—since 1899 as water commissioner, and previously as mayor, reeve (or sheriff), or councillor.



Breithaupt

More than 1,000 Army, Navy, and sports leaders attended a testimonial banquet recently to COMMODORE SHELDON CLARK, a member of the Chicago, Ill., Rotary Club. . . . PAST DISTRICT GOVERNOR CECIL J. SIBBETT, of Capetown, South Africa, is in charge of the new National Savings Week in that Dominion. GENERAL JAN SMUTS, Premier, wrote to him, in part:

This is a great work, and in it you have particular reason for pride and satisfaction. You have been chairman of the National Thrift Committee since its inception—from you has come most of the driving power behind the movement—when the interest of others flagged, your enthusiasm, your vision of its possibilities, never failed. I congratulate you very heartily on what you have done.

Unusual Student. A regular guest of the Rotary Club of Redlands, Calif., is the president of the student body at the University of Redlands. This year the honor has fallen to ALVIN CHANG, Hawaiian-born American of Chinese parentage. He gives a weekly report on university happenings. CHANG is prominent as a football player as well as an honor student and participant in many student activities.



Chang

Meets Nonagenarian. While Rotary's President, TOM J. DAVIS, was in Glasgow, Scotland, he had a pleasant interview with ROTARIAN W. P. LAIDLAW, who may well be the oldest Rotarian in the world, for he recently celebrated his 97th birthday. PRESIDENT DAVIS gave ROTARIAN LAIDLAW his own Rotary lapel badge, much to the delight of all.

Greeting. From CASIMIR ZIENKIEWICZ, Secretary of the Inter-Allied Rotary Outpost in London, England, an organization of 51 former Rotarians from Axis-occupied countries in Europe, comes a greeting for the year 1942: "Please convey my respectful greetings to all my friends in Rotary in Chicago and all over the world."

—THE SCRATCHPAD MAN

Billy Phelps Speaking

[Continued from page 35]

One man is talking and, unfortunately for him, others are too; some, still retaining between their lips a cigar that has burned to the water's edge, are nodding, but not in agreement with the remarks of the speaker. This dinner might have been saved had the headtable men been familiar with this little book, and I mean familiar.

Oh, how I wish I had had in my youth a little book here on my table! It is *Music As a Hobby—How to Have Fun with Music As a Performer and As a Listener*, and the author is Fred B. Barton, brother of the Hon. Bruce Barton, though the latter is so hon. by nature that none of his friends prefixes the title. Few persons love music more than I; yet not a single instrument can I play. If I had had this book in my boyhood, I should have played to learn as well as learned to play. The illustrations are captivating; and the chapters, "You Can Be Musical," "How to Get Your Son Interested in Music," etc., are beguiling. There is good advice on the art of living contained in the chapter "Keep Healthy with Music." We know in the *Bible* how young David cured King Saul, who, like many other men, had exchanged happiness for splendor, by playing to him the old cowboy tunes; and Shakespeare said:

*The man who has no music in his soul
Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils.*

My remarks in a recent issue of this magazine on educational books lead me now to comment on two other new ones: *Corporal Punishment: A Social Interpretation of Its Theory and Practice in the Schools of the United States*, by Rotarian Herbert A. Falk, Ph. D., of Sayville, New York, published as one of the approved "Contributions to Education" from Teachers College, Columbia University. As this subject is one that has aroused bitter controversies for some centuries, and as it is by no means dead, I must congratulate Dr. Falk on this scholarly and well-documented history and criticism.

Many readers will be amazed at the facts so definitely here presented; and the author's attitude toward corporal punishment is like that of the preacher reported by President Coolidge—he is against it. Perhaps, even though the subject is so serious, he will not be offended by a horrible pun that occurs to me at this moment—he thinks that this form of punishment should not only be caviar to the general, but to the corporal. Wow! Only one of our States forbids it by statute in schools. As Dr. Falk's book follows its course from

colonial times to our own, with many references to other countries, I myself have learned many things not only about this particular method of discipline, but also about social history.

The second book connected with education is a little volume with the fetching title *The Administrator's Wife*, by G. H. Marshall, superintendent of schools in Ottawa, Kansas; Clara W. Marshall; and W. W. Carpenter, professor of education in the University of Missouri. The book is happily dedicated to "the wives of all school administrators, everywhere." This work, which can be read through in two hours, although no one will do that, because it is so full of thought-provoking sentences, ought to be very useful. Administrators' wives, like pastors' wives, can make or mar their husbands' careers and efficiency.

Among the new books by and about doctors, let me recommend *Sagebrush Dentist*. No doubt you've read your share of incredible Western stories. Well, here's a book about the West as seen by a townsman. He is a dentist in Wyoming, and he is still practicing. His name is Will Frackleton, and his Chicago newspaperman friend, who collaborated with him, is Herman Gastrell Seely. I have never met Frackleton, but a friend who has tells me he has the gift of storytelling. I can believe that. You will, too, when you read of his amazing experiences as a tooth

puller in early Wyoming and at Skagway, Alaska. I recommend *Sagebrush Dentist* as a book to read a chapter or two in the evening, just before you reach over to snap off the light. I warn you, though, you'll probably get so interested you'll read it through the first night.

In the *Bible* we read, "An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign"; and as most generations are evil and some adulterous, I can show them where to find the right sign. Myself, I prefer signless highways; and I remember what Chesterton said when taken to the Great White Way in New York—"What a marvellous place this would be, if only one couldn't read!" But if you must have signs and want a return from them, try a little volume by Orville J. Grisier, *How to Make Sign Advertising Pay*. Even to those not professionally interested, there is interesting psychology here.

George V. Denny, Jr., is one of the most able, most tactful, and most valuable of all directors of radio programs in the United States. I do not need to remind you that he is the originator, creator, and director of the Town Meeting of the Air, which goes out to the United States from Town Hall, New York, every Thursday evening. One of innumerable results of this work is a little volume. He was asked why it was not just as important to discuss religion as to discuss economics, labor

Odd Shots

Can you match the photo below for uniqueness, human interest, coincidence, or just plain out-of-the-ordinary-ness? Then send it to the Editors of *The Rotarian*—you will receive a check for \$3 if your "odd shot" is used. But remember—it must be different!



SIX GENERATIONS in one family—presented by the camera of Dr. Walter B. Johnson, a member of the Denton, Maryland, Rotary Club. The youngest mother is 16 years; the oldest, 86.

problems, war, and politics. He, therefore, took five addresses that had been made over the air by two Protestant clergymen, one Roman Catholic priest, one Jewish rabbi, and one Hindu, put them in one convenient volume to which he himself contributed an admirable introduction and conclusion, and the book now appears under the title *Faith for Today*. Let no one believe that the common ground on which these people stand is negative or that the compromise, if it can be called that, lacks solidity. Everyone who reads this book will profit by it, and I myself congratulate Mr. Denny on the splendid result of his labors.

Professor William Adams Brown, emeritus, of the Union Theological Seminary and recently a member of the Yale Corporation, has just published a book called *A Creed for Free Men, A Study of Loyalties*. The distinguished author began this book more than 20 years ago and has been turning the material over in his mind ever since. He first thought of calling it "A Philosophy for an Age of Science." Since then science as the savior of mankind has gone utterly bankrupt, and in this book Dr. Brown starts off with what might be called not a universal need, for there are millions of people who have a satisfying faith, but certainly a need felt by innumerable people, which Dr. Brown calls "Wanted: A Unifying Faith." Part II is called "Some Unanswerable Questions"; Part III, "The Loyalties That Divide"; and Part IV, "The Faith That Unites." It is unnecessary to say any more in our brief space except to remind my readers that Dr. Brown is as broad-minded as he is sincere, and a long life dealing particularly with young men has given him the right preparation for this work.

"Good Morning, Doctor," by W. A. Rohlfe, M.D., is a series of very short chapters consisting of stories filled with a combination of excitement and humor. The illustrations with their titles are just downright funny. Nobody can look at them without bursting out laughing. For example, the picture called "1891" with the young graduate holding his diploma, under which is printed, "Graduated from the University of Iowa with honor to himself and relief to the faculty." Dr. Leonard A. West in his foreword says that after 50 years in active practice as a country surgeon, Dr. Rohlfe's eyes began to fail, so that he was persuaded to set down these autobiographical chapters. No one can read them without delight and admiration.

Light, More Light, A Book of Joy, Progress, and Achievement, by Dr. James Francis Cooke, editor of *The*

Etude and author of many books and a member of the Rotary Club of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, will encourage a great many people in these days perhaps more than ever. The title explains itself and the following pages prove it.

Battle Song for Slaves, by Locke Miller, is a volume of poems that illustrate the challenging title; but to add as a further guide to my readers I shall quote the first sentence of the author's preface: "The supreme enthrallment of human interest has always been love and battle." I think many will enjoy these vigorous and stirring poems in which there is a combination of the love of beauty and also well-directed satires.

I am very glad to welcome another book of poems written by the late Ethel B. Cheney, called *New Language*. The edition is limited to 250 copies. Her husband, Morton M. Cheney, of Albuquerque, New Mexico, is a good Rotarian, and I think he has every reason to be proud of the poems written by his wife. Mrs. Cheney was born in New Hampshire in 1882, wrote poems from her earliest youth, and must have possessed a remarkable mind with a true poet's gift of appreciation. For example, I quote one of her poems called *Spring Valley*:

*The valley is greening;
Over brown 'dobe houses
Tall poplars are swaying
With delicate air;
While the cottonwoods hold,
In a manner entrancing,
The first April showers
As gems in their hair.*

With Packs and Rifles, by A. B. Calloway, consists principally of notes from the author's diary during the months that he served in World War I as a private and noncommissioned officer. All the chapters are lively and exciting, and written as informally as a personal letter.

I want to call particular attention to a magnificent book called *Cape Horn*, published in 1940 by Felix Riesenbergh, who, unfortunately for us all, died very soon after the appearance of the book. I have read other sea books by this gifted author, but this superb volume is one of the most thrilling accounts of voyages around Cape Horn and the whole Cape Horn region, including the Strait of Magellan, that I have ever seen. It gives the history of that wild region from its discovery even until today, and I am certain that anyone who should see the colored frontispiece or any of the pictures would buy the book immediately, even though it costs \$5. Although I have never been south of the equator myself, everything writ-

ten about Cape Horn has for me a peculiar fascination, and I have never been more enthralled than by this account; nor have I ever seen better maps of the whole region.

I love to see a true man stoop to conquer. Here is a charming illustrated book for children, written by one of our ablest and most discriminating scholarly critics, Sterling North, literary editor of that admirable paper the *Chicago Daily News*. The hero of this book is *Greased Lightning*—he is a pig. True literary skill is shown in the style of the narrative and the copious colored illustrations are by Kurt Wiese. What a splendid valentine to give to any small boy or girl!

As the *Bible* is the greatest book from the religious, moral, and literary points of view, I am going to recommend a new volume that should interest thousands of readers. *The Bible for Today*, edited by John Stirling, contains the entire text of the Authorized Version, accompanied by nearly 200 illustrations by Rowland Hilder and other artists, with introductory paragraphs and footnotes. Here the illustrations are particularly valuable as signposts. They, with the reading matter, show how every part of the *Bible* is more applicable to the daily life of men and women in 1941 than any other book, old or contemporary. The commentary is always relevant to our own times. The work is emphatically not for the student of the origins of the *Bible*, but for the average man or woman or child. It is a new method of bringing the *Bible* into the daily life of individuals and families. I have never seen anything quite like it.

Books mentioned, publishers and prices:
Songs of Yesterday. Philip D. Jordan and Lillian Kessler. Doubleday, Doran. \$3.—*Tuberculosis and Genius*. Lewis J. Moorman. University of Chicago Press. \$2.50.—*"We Have with Us Tonight."* G. Lynn Sumner. Harper. \$1.75.—*Music As a Hobby*. Fred B. Barton. Harper. \$2.—*How to Make Sign Advertising Pay*. Orville J. Grisier. David McKay (Philadelphia, Pa.). \$1.50.—*Greased Lightning*. Sterling North. Winston. \$2.—*Corporal Punishment*. Herbert A. Falk. Teachers College, Columbia University. \$2.10.—*The Administrator's Wife*. G. H. Marshall, Clara W. Marshall, and W. W. Carpenter. Christopher Publishing House (Boston, Mass.). \$1.50.—*Sagebrush Dentist*. Will Frackelton and Herman Gastrell Seely. McClurg. \$2.50.—*Faith for Today*. Introduction by George V. Denny, Jr. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.—*A Creed for Free Men*. William Adams Brown. Scribner's. \$2.50.—*Good Morning, Doctor.* W. A. Rohlfe. Torch Press (Cedar Rapids, Iowa). \$1.—*Light, More Light*. James Francis Cooke. H. M. Jacobs (Philadelphia, Pa.). \$2.—*Battle Song for Slaves*. Locke Miller. Revell. \$1.25.—*New Language*. Ethel B. Cheney. Bridge & Byron (Concord, N. H.).—*With Packs and Rifles*. A. B. Calloway. Meador Publishing Co. \$2.—*Cape Horn*. Felix Riesenbergh. Dodd, Mead. \$5.—*The Bible for Today*. Edited by John Stirling. Oxford University Press. \$5.

Time for Everything

[Continued from page 30]

a minister who carried with him always one of the books of the *Bible* conveniently printed in pamphlet form. In a year he read the entire *New Testament* through—just waiting for people. He refreshed his mind on passages that were hazy or obscure and discovered suggestive comments on human nature he had not seen before. Above all, he got out of the experience a golden habit of using his time reflectively.

A foreign grammar in one's pocket may be a key that opens a whole new realm of thought and literature. I recently met a lawyer who told me that during the past few years he had mastered three foreign languages without ever taking a lesson. "As I walked along the street," he said, "I conned verbs and recited vocabulary. When I rode in subways and busses, I didn't look dully at the advertisements—I translated them. I read my textbooks while I ate, while I waited for clients, whenever I found a few empty seconds."

As our skill in using time margins increases, our imagination will show us how these periods can be employed in more and more satisfying ways. Often it is in moments when we are not scheduled and not controlled by some dictated activity that we are most alive to the impressions that restore our souls. A few seconds spent scribbling our impressions of the world about us, sketching a scene that has caught our fancy,

letting our fingers think with a piece of clay, will send us back to our routine tasks with renewed strength.

There will be times when we do not have the equipment for creative activities at hand. Then we can practice sharpening our blunted senses, learning once again to see and hear. Thoreau, whose senses were as alert as any of the forest animals he loved, tells us how he kept his sense of sight keen. "For many years," he wrote, "I was the self-appointed inspector of snowstorms and rainstorms and I did my duty faithfully."

If we would develop our creative feelings to the fullest extent, we should, like Thoreau, appoint ourselves inspectors—if only for a few moments—of our particular worlds. In the moments we have we can sharpen our senses by using one at a time. We can close our eyes and strain our ears for the utmost in sound, even the faintest. We can pause and *listen*—to the lazy music of Nature in the country, to the dynamic hum of life in the city. Really to hear the world in which we live requires several minutes of intense listening, with the mind as well as the ears. But in this eternal symphony of earth and man there is stimulus for the human spirit.

To get all there is to be got out of living we must employ our time completely, wisely, wastelessly; never being in too much of a hurry to stop and sip life; but never losing our sense of the enormous value of a minute.

"Time," wrote Leonardo, "stays long enough for those who use it."

My Fellow Rotarians—

[Continued from page 9]

I can bring personal testimony that it means double that now. For Rotary in Britain, as I saw it, is a pool of resourceful, untiring builders into which cities, hamlets, and the Government are dipping every day.

Rotary International in Great Britain and Ireland has 486 Clubs and has added five since Britain entered the war. The Rotary pulse has quickened on both the tight little isle and on the Emerald Isle. You will recall that my good friend and predecessor, Armando de Arruda Pereira, of Brazil, called in his inaugural for *More Clubs . . . More Friends!* And he got them—in his own Ibero-America, in North America, even in embattled Britain. Though our jobs, our community efforts, though everything presses, let us not slight extension now. Let me add just four words to Past President Pereira's challenge: "More Clubs . . . More Friends . . . More Hands . . . More Hope."

I'm old enough to remember stories of the Spanish-American War . . . and I recall the indignation provoked by reports that manufacturers were shoeing our Army with paper soles, that meat packers were sending it canned rotten beef. The profiteer and the chiseller were not unknown in World War I. Will they be known in World War II—as national Governments go into the largest piece of buying the world has ever known? Thousands of Rotarians can help keep standards of business conduct high, can act as good leaven. There's Vocational Service brought significantly down to earth—and pointed directly at national service.

I swing back to our Havana Declaration, "Rotary Amid World Conflict"—our ideal in words. Let me repeat it:

" . . . Rotary is based on the ideal of service, and where freedom, justice, truth, sanctity of the pledged word, and respect for human rights do not exist,

Rotary cannot live nor its ideal prevail. These principles, which are indispensable to Rotary, are vital to the maintenance of international peace and order and to human progress."

That's the basis of it all. We envisage a world, not in conflict, where the rights of man are respected. That looks ahead a long way, you say? True. But peace will come! Will we be ready for it?

Rotary has its Committee on Research As to Participation of Rotarians in Post-War World Reconstruction—which wants *your* views. It is not academic to think ahead. One trouble in 1918-1920 was that too many of us were hating the enemy; too few of us had thought ahead—far enough. Planning this saner, kinder world is the ultimate task. And I hope many Rotary Clubs the world over can find time for thoughtful discussion of the seven questions sent to all Club Presidents. If you haven't read them, look up *A Job for Rotarians* in *THE ROTARIAN* for January, 1942. May I suggest that the series of articles current in *THE ROTARIAN* under the heading "A World to LIVE IN" will "spark" your study and your conversation.

. . . Yes, Hester and I are happy to be home again, though it be strangely changed. Our hearts are light when we think of the rich and warm friendships made on our all-too-short trip to Latin America. What a friendly crowd! Memories of them will linger long. The flower of Rotary is fellowship, and nowhere is the bloom of a richer hue than in lands to the south of my own.

From my office window I look out over my home town. . . . It is a mining town, and some people think it is not beautiful. But I love it, and, loving it and my country, I the better understand the affection Rotarians in all lands bear for theirs. No price is too great to pay for the preservation of what we hold so dear. That is a common bond among Rotarians everywhere.

So is our fellowship. Though cables that bind nations together wear thin, let us keep Rotary—what Sir Harry Lauder called "the golden strand"—intact. Some day, when the world is ready to be restored to sanity, it will be needed sorely. Some day the world will realize that *civilization can continue only as nations learn how to live together in peace*. Rotary, with its fellowship among men of varying beliefs and customs, will have shown the way.

Meanwhile, we are called upon as citizens of our various countries to rise to new responsibilities. Patriotism makes unequal demands: from some it calls for little out of the daily routine, from others it requires courageous action, even the supreme sacrifice. But whatever it is the well-being of our country asks of us, let us be ready. To be a good Rotarian is to be a good citizen and patriot.

What Americans Believe

[Continued from page 12]

economic level, nor does he think like the other man of the \$5,000 income, nor does he vote like people in Dubuque with a \$5,000 income. Our standards are made of a composite which takes into consideration all the geographical differences, and size-of-place differences in real money.

With these six controls we have a way of checking as to how accurately we do get an America in microcosm. If, when our sample gets back, those interviewed do not own 1936 Ford cars or have electric light or gas meters in the

phrase is largely an uncharted sea. We do make mistakes. I only wish that our critics, instead of visualizing diabolically clever people who have some particular motive in mind, who want to force answers and who, therefore, skilfully use these bad words, would realize that when we use them, we use them because of sheer stupidity.

Your third question asks how we get the field work done. It takes more than just honesty to do a good interviewing job. It takes somebody who realizes the importance of objectivity and who realizes that not only do the questions have to be phrased right, but that he must keep insinuating notes or inflections out of his voice when he asks the questions. It is a very difficult problem to get together a force of people who are both honest and objective and who are still enough of salesmen to sell the respondent on the idea of giving an interview.

I should like to say that public-opinion sampling has not arrived at the point where all the "bugs" have been removed. For example, we know very little about qualitative appraisals. We know a good deal about dividing the "Yes's" and "No's," but we haven't learned much about trying to measure the depth of emotion. You may recall that we have never asked the question, "For whom are you going to vote?" We gave a four-part question, starting with a statement that Roosevelt was practically God, and working through two intermediate statements to one where he was quite a good deal less than God. And by getting the people to say which statement came closest to being their

viewpoint, we felt we had some clues, not only as to how they felt, but as to how deeply they felt, so that we could have some idea of how likely they were to translate their feelings into a vote at the ballot box. By and large we know very little, however, about qualitative measurements. But we learn more about it every day—well, almost every day.

If You're Still Not Satisfied

Perhaps Mr. Roper has not answered all the questions tucked away in your mind in connection with public-opinion polls. If so, the 19-man symposium, *The Public Opinion Polls: Mr. Jekyll or Mr. Hyde?*, in the June, 1940, *Public Opinion Quarterly*, published by Princeton University's School of Public Affairs, may help to clear them up. How seriously polls are considered by political leaders is discussed in Robert R. Updegraff's *Democracy's New Mirror* in the January, 1940, *Reader's Digest*. A still more recent article is by Lindsay Rogers in the November, 1941, issue of *Harper's Magazine*. It is entitled *Do the Gallup Polls Measure Opinion?* It is an interesting study.

To learn more of Mr. Roper and his methods of sampling, turn to Beverly Smith's *Who's Behind That Poll?* in the *American Magazine* for November, 1940. Or perhaps consider *A Day with a Fortune Interviewer*, an article which appeared in the December, 1941, issue of *Fortune*. In the November, 1941, *American Journal of Sociology*, E. A. Shils wrote *Note on Governmental Research on Attitudes and Morale*. The October number of *School & Society* carried an article by Ruth May Strang titled *Methodology in the Study of Propaganda and Attitudes Relating to War*.

A book on polls entitled *The Pulse of Democracy*, by George Gallup and Saul F. Rae (Simon & Schuster, 1940, \$2.50), should also prove helpful.—Ebs.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

With Dr. George Gallup, Nebraska-born Elmo Roper has pioneered in the field of scientific public-opinion polls. Educated at the University of Minnesota and the University of Edinburgh, Scotland, he has since 1933 been a marketing consultant for business firms. He is now research director of the "Fortune" Survey of Public Opinion, and also assistant professor of journalism at Columbia University. He is a former member of the Rotary Club of Creston, Iowa (classification: jeweler), now resides in Pelham, New York. He's "dad" to two boys.



same proportion as occur in national figures, we know that our sample is unrepresentative.

Let us assume that we have somehow laid out a sample by these controls so that we have in fact an American microcosm. We come then to your second question: *How do you phrase the questions? What words do you use?*

We have to try to find words and phrases that mean the same thing to, let us say, a doctor in A economic level as they do to a housewife of foreign extraction in D economic level, who never went through the eighth grade. We spend a great deal of time trying to figure out these proper words. Let me illustrate.

We tried an experiment once where we said, "Do you think the United States should do everything in its power to promote world peace?" We got practically 100 percent "Yes" answers. Then we changed that just slightly: "Do you think the United States should become involved in a plan to promote world peace?" And our "Yes" answers dropped to below 60 percent. You see, "involved" is a bad word.

We spend a great deal of time on that problem, and I am here to confess that we don't know all the answers. The question of what is a leading word or



"THEY SAY that he spends every cent he's got on horses and women."

Talking It Over

[Continued from page 3]

to letter writers to men in the service. As a Rotarian at Edgerton, Wisconsin, and a selectee, I wish to state that the letter was an exceedingly complete presentation as to the true reactions of enlisted men at mail call. I have had the same feelings many times.

Since my induction I have received all issues of THE ROTARIAN regularly, and they are read very thoroughly, not only by myself, but also by other selectees. When my service has been completed, I hope again to participate actively as a Rotarian.

Mountains 'Billy' Overlooked

Noted by A. R. MACDOUGALL, Rotarian
Railway Passenger Agent
Edmonton, Alberta, Canada

In the December issue of THE ROTARIAN Dr. William Lyon Phelps tells readers who may attend the 1942 Convention at Toronto, Ontario, about Canada and Canadians. He says, in part:

"A good way to see the grandeur of the mountains is to take the train from Vancouver east to Banff, and then go back to Vancouver, stopping off at Lake Louise, because if you do, you see all the mountains."

No, fellow Rotarians, you do not see all the mountains in the manner described by Dr. Phelps. Apparently the Doctor has not heard of the largest national park in the world, which is Jasper National Park, 4,200 square miles of mountain grandeur; nor of that famous Summer resort, Jasper Park Lodge; nor of the highest peak in the Canadian Rockies, Mount Robson, all of which can be seen via that other transcontinental route through the Rockies traversed by Canadian National Railways—the largest railway in America—and not mentioned by Dr. Phelps.

Should anyone be interested in literature on this national park, the writer will be very glad to supply it.

'Slow' Sign Misplaced

Believes C. C. FINN, Rotarian
Metal-Works Executive
Seattle, Washington

One of the amusing things in life is to read magazine articles and observe how the illustrations so often contradict the text. One of the most beautiful examples is on page 33 of the December ROTARIAN.

The first thing that catches the eye of a driver (I pretend to be one, as I have almost completed 400,000 miles of driving) is the SLOW sign. I saw it before I stopped to see what the car was doing. The sign is wretchedly placed, but it is there and, because the one shown is there, there must be another facing the other way along the road in the distance. Close observation shows the sign at the foot of the first pole. The road is in bad shape for a considerable distance beyond the sign. The car shows plainly that the tires have not blown: the front wheels have not been bent out

of alignment; the acrobatics being performed by the car could not occur below 60 miles an hour and would most likely require a full 70. Plainly, the driver drove straight into that defective roadway and passed along a distance at full speed; passed right by the sign with, probably, a disdainful sniff; and then got just exactly what was coming to him on the curve. That guy would have a wreck even if someone had been bribed to put twice as much cement of twice as good quality in the concrete.

I think the artist could have thought up a scene where the road was to blame and not the driver. This road just shouted that it was not safe. Best of all, don't draw any picture at all, as every driver reading the article can imagine out of his experience a far better scene than can be drawn.

Glance Bay Still Air-Minded

Writes J. R. DINN, Mine Supt.
Secretary, Rotary Club
Glance Bay, Nova Scotia, Canada

You must be getting our Glance Bay Gazette! Because in J. A. D. McCurdy's article [The Most Air-Minded Nation on Earth] in your December issue you use the same picture of his plane at Baddeck Bay that our paper published on November 7. However, we call the bay "Bras d'Or Lakes."

Ever since that first British Empire flight in 1909, Glance Bay has been air-minded, and some time ago a training field was started here by private enterprise. The graduates of the early courses are serving as instructors now. Many of our boys are already overseas. One of them has been awarded the Royal Flying Cross, two are reported missing.

Our home "boy" Harold Edwards is now Vice Air Marshal in command of the Canadian Air Forces on the British

front. Our Rotary Club recently sponsored a unit of the Air Cadet League mentioned in your article, and in honor of our own we have named it for "Gus" Edwards, as we here called him, and have asked him to be the honorary leader of the unit.

You might add to "Doug" McCurdy's yarn that while Canada is the most air-minded nation on earth, little Cape Breton, the area around Glance Bay, is the most air-minded portion of it!

California Speaks

From WILLIAM M. CONNELLY, Rotarian
Producer of Scenics
West Los Angeles, California

THE ROTARIAN is scaling new heights in worth-while reading. This statement coming from the editor of that other great Rotary epistle The Windmill [West Los Angeles Rotary Club publication] is a real compliment.

I thought you might like to note my efforts to keep our members turning to THE ROTARIAN. My reference to Dr. Phelps [see Editors' Note below] was inspired by my recalling a banquet program during which we exchanged some banter. I labelled him "William the Ly-in' Whelp" and got away with it because the audience shared my skepticism over his immoderate use of superlatives in boosting his much-loved Michigan vacation land.

Fellow-Editor Connelly's Club publication carries a reference to the next program, for which a Douglas Aircraft Company speaker was scheduled. "It is significant that the current issue of THE ROTARIAN carries a feature story entitled The Most Air-Minded Nation on Earth," it comments, "and, believe it or not, it is not the U. S. A. . . . We suggest that you read this article and come prepared to put the speaker on the spot." In another edition the editor offers this Quizette: "(1) Do you read your ROTARIAN? (2) Did you like Perfume from a Skunk, by D. H. Killeffer? (3) Who are the following and why? Looney Hank, Billy the Ly-in' Whelp, H. Gullible Wells, and T. Jefferson Davis."—Eos.

Bremerton Did It!

Reports STANLEY LONG, Rotarian
Owner, Stanley Long, Inc.
Seattle, Washington

The Bremerton folks are quite "burned up" over the story From Shantytown to City Overnight [December ROTARIAN]. Bremerton has been a very thriving city of more than 15,000 people for years past and is one of the five great naval bases in the United States.

Bremerton is quite as up-to-date as any other American city of equal size, with chamber of commerce, churches, schools, and, until recently, all the other service clubs except Rotary. The "shanty" shown in THE ROTARIAN is as typical of Bremerton as a similar shack on Halsted Street would be of Chicago!

With the war came an increase in population from 15,000 to 40,000 within two years. Of course, this caused a housing shortage, as it has in all other defense cities, with the many accompanying problems.

And Bremerton now has a Rotary Club! The charter night was set for December 12 and arrangements were made for a dinner for 500 guests. The tickets were sold and Rotarians from far and near were planning to come—



"IT'S MY boy's—he took my car!"

and then—bang!! We were in the war up to our necks. The day before the charter night, the building in which it was to be held was taken over by the War Department, the city was blacked out, and all roads leading to it were closed. The charter meeting was off.

It was decided that, in view of the circumstances, the charter should be presented at the next regular meeting. So instead of an elaborate church wedding, we had a quiet affair with just the folks at home. I have just returned from the presentation, and it was a real success. The Mayor, the Chamber of Commerce, and other service clubs were all represented.

Things are doing in Bremerton, and the new Bremerton Rotary Club is at its post of duty.

Congratulations to Bremerton and its new Rotary Club! . . . We had thought the story made it plain that it was the outlying districts that suffered, rather than the main city, and that shanties never meant to house families were pressed into service to house the 25,000 new inhabitants. . . . Anyhow, Bremerton has made our point: a Rotary Club can help solve many problems of a war-boomed community.—Eds.

Eat More Minerals

Advises EDWARD T. KEENAN, *Rotarian Soil Chemist*
Frostproof, Florida

One of the most interesting articles that has been printed in THE ROTARIAN—and at the same time one of the most constructive—was Paul V. McNutt's *The Pantry Door to Peace* [December issue].*

In spite of all other factors—that is, manufacturing, commerce, or what have you?—the real strength of a nation can be measured directly by what the people of that nation eat.

It so happens that today the greatest nutritional need of the American people is for more minerals in their diet. It is regrettable that this has been "soft pedalled."

* Listed by a "Council of Librarians" as one of the ten outstanding articles of the month published in the United States.—Eds.

Sociological Footnote

From PROF. A. J. TODD
Sociologist, Northwestern University
Evanston, Illinois

In the December ROTARIAN I was particularly interested in the article *Home Town*. I am circulating it to all the members of our department as a sort of footnote to *Middletown* and *Middletown Revisited*. J. A. D. McCurdy's article on Canadian air developments, *The Most Air-Minded Nation on Earth*, was of particular interest to my colleague Professor Bailey, who lectured last Summer at some of the training camps in Canada on one of his specialties, aerial geography.

Thumbmarked . . . Riddled

Reports R. A. FREEMAN, *Rotarian Insurance Executive*
Idaho Falls, Idaho

May I take this opportunity to congratulate you on the fine job you are doing. Your travelogues such as *That Highway to Alaska*, by Alfred and Elma Milotte [November ROTARIAN], are wonderful. Your articles on many subjects are exceptional. When THE Ro-

TARIAN is thumbmarked at the Freeman home, it goes to 600 University Avenue (Phi Gamma Delta) to Jim Freeman, the one and only son, who is a junior at Idaho.

Jim tells us it is completely riddled after about one week of reading by some 50 of his fellows. That is a supreme test for a publication: Do college men or women read it and like it?

Re: Home and College Success

By WILLIAM A. WETZEL, *Rotarian*
Former Principal, High School
Trenton, New Jersey

My 40 years' experience in guiding many boys and girls to college and following their college careers with considerable care does not support the contention of Rotarian Conrad Vandervelde in his letter in the December ROTARIAN.

Mr. Vandervelde's thesis is that boys and girls who come from "unacademic homes" in which little or no academic curiosity is aroused, where the solid, careful, and prolonged reading of substantial books has no place and where the table conversation has no intellectual flavor, "will be lost in college."

I have sent to college many young people—Poles, Italians, Hungarians, and Russians—who not only came from homes in which all these things were missing, but who also established the first generation of literacy in their families. And many of these graduates are now the leaders of the social and economic life of their communities. This is the experience of every urban high-school principal, at least in the East, where college standards do not suffer in comparison with those of other parts of the United States.

And this is what we are proud to call the American way of life. If it were not so, there would be little justification for our free public-school system.

'Johnny' Put to Use

By J. ELLIOTT FISHER
Dean, Westminster College
Salt Lake City, Utah

This is to express my appreciation of the November ROTARIAN containing the article *Johnny Gets the Ax*, by my good friend William Lytton Payne.

As dean of Westminster College, I

had occasion to make good use of the article, both with students and with their parents. Mr. Payne's points are, in my opinion, well made and most helpful to students in their adjustment to college life. He seems to have the ability to express in understandable and effective language those things which most of us in the academic field fail to "get across."

You have rendered, I believe, a distinct service by the publication of such an article, especially since your magazine reaches such a large body of parents of college students.

'Billy' Phelps Helps

Says MRS. PAUL N. CAMPBELL
Wife of Rotarian
Huron, South Dakota

As the wife of a Rotarian, I have long wished to say how fine is your magazine. Increasingly do your features and departments appeal to women. I often find myself suggesting to friends something especially enjoyed from THE ROTARIAN.

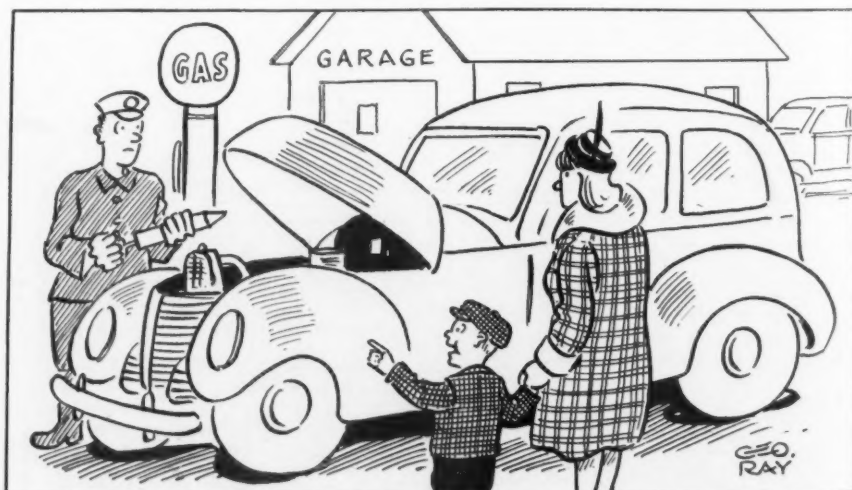
As an aid to intelligent choice in reading, I look forward monthly to William Lyon Phelps. His excellent reviews assist in guiding the reading of our children, too.

Both Mr. Campbell and I so thoroughly enjoy your many excellent articles on world affairs, such as H. G. Wells' *Bases for Lasting Peace* [September issue].

We especially liked the July issue with pictures and sketches of the Tom Davises, of Butte, Montana. All the fine things you say of Tom and Hester Davis are most merited. For five years we were neighbors and friends of theirs in that friendliest of cities, Butte, Montana, and Paul and Tom were fellow Rotarians. Rotary is to be congratulated on selecting such a man as Tom Davis for President. He and Rotary International will do great things during the year.

I must not omit commendation for THE ROTARIAN as reference material in our home for our three school children. They use it in theme writing, for geographical data, and in other ways.

Your frequent articles on education and child guidance are helpful to confused parents. Thank you and may you continue your fine work.



"LOOK, Mamma! That man's going to spray our car's tonsils!"

The Buyer Was a Good Sport

TOO OFTEN the customer seems to expect that the seller shall exhibit all the good sportsmanship, make all the concessions, and preserve all the good humor that may be required by the unforeseen circumstances often following a sale. Happily, this is not always so, and when the customer shows himself a good sport too, it gladdens the salesman's heart.

I was selling chemical-plant equipment, and a conservative Maine Yankee had long been on my prospect list. He always received me courteously, but coldly, and would sit looking out of the window patiently while I told my story. Sometimes he asked a question, but showed little interest. I could not get enough of his operating data from which to make a definite proposal or even to promise any pertinent profits.

So went three years of cultivation, but no crop. One morning, out of the proverbial "blue sky," a letter arrived from this man: "Please have Mr. Piper call. We are ready to talk business." Well, a \$48,000 order followed that invitation.

Many items were involved, and a Yankee is not happy unless he can "dicker." First he wanted to furnish certain motors, pumps, and drives himself. Then he decided that we could sell them to him. This "put and take" required many revisions of the quotation, but at last the contract was signed, and I went back to New York.

Alas, when I wrote up the order, I found a mistake! In jockeying with omissions and restorations I had put the centrifugal pumps back into the contract, but had not extended their price into the subtotals and the total. Oddly, it came to an even \$2,000.

I telephoned my customer and told him that my company would honor my signature and accept the contract, but that I knew he would not wish to take advantage of my error and thus get \$2,000 worth of pumps for nothing. I explained the regrettable situation fully, and left the decision to him.

A silence followed—a long one, to me. Then he said, "What do you want me to do?" I replied, "I want you to cancel this order and write a new one for \$2,000 more." Another silence, then, "Mr. Piper, you know I have nothing but your word for this." I asked, "Isn't that enough?" and he said, "Yes, it is. I'll do that, and you go right ahead with the job."

You may well believe that we never gave a customer better or more enthusiastic service. I installed that equipment myself and put it into operation. Its performance surpassed our promise, and the whole transaction was a great satisfaction to us both. Since then he has repeatedly sought my advice on technical problems, and I am happy to consider him one of my firm business friends.—ROTARIAN W. E. PIPER, Pulaski, Virginia.



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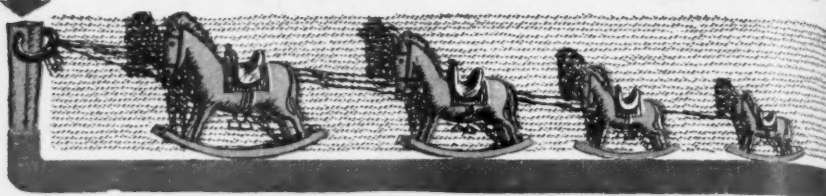
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Refugee Aid

An American citizen of Norwegian ancestry, age 41, who is a member of the Rotary Club of Hankow, China, is now in the United States of America looking for a connection. In China he was president of an organization dealing with imports, exports, insurance, and real-estate development. Son of a missionary, he speaks Chinese (Mandarin) well. He has been in business in China for 22 years, but has relinquished his connections "for the duration." He would like to be engaged by some firm wherein he will have an opportunity to put his training to use, especially some firm which looks forward to post-war commercial developments in the Far East. He would be agreeable to locating in any part of the United States as might be required. Anyone willing and able to help him secure a position please communicate with Rotary International, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.

Hobbyhorse Hitching Post



"MY HOBBY is Rotary," said a visitor at the hobbyhorse stables, while watching THE GROOM currying a fractious steed. And this sent THE GROOM scurrying to the files to see how many of his riders share that hobby. He was surprised—and yet not too much so—at the number of Rotarians who collect what might be called "Rotariana." Here are notes on a few of them.

BOOKS on Rotary and those with a distinct Rotary content form the nucleus of PAST INTERNATIONAL PRESIDENT GUY GUNDAKER's hobby collection, to which Rotary literature of all kinds finds its way. A rival for "rare items" in this field is EDWARD F. McFADDIN, of Hope, Arkansas, Past International Director and currently Chairman of the Aims and Objects Committee.

CHARLES DEUTZ, a charter member of the Laredo, Texas, Rotary Club, has a collection of Laredo Rotary material. It includes a copy of every Club program or bulletin, every clipping from the local newspapers that mentions the Laredo Rotary Club, a complete attendance record of all members, and a file of personal letters on Rotary subjects, including a letter from THE ROTARIAN! Every bit of this material is indexed

and cross-indexed so that he can refer to it in a minute's time.

CHARLES P. MUNGER, Past President of the Phoenix, Arizona, Rotary Club, spent six happy years compiling a master roster of his Club. His hobbyhorse led him into bypaths, as well, for he also has a file of Club publications, correspondence, reports, and biographies of members and former members.

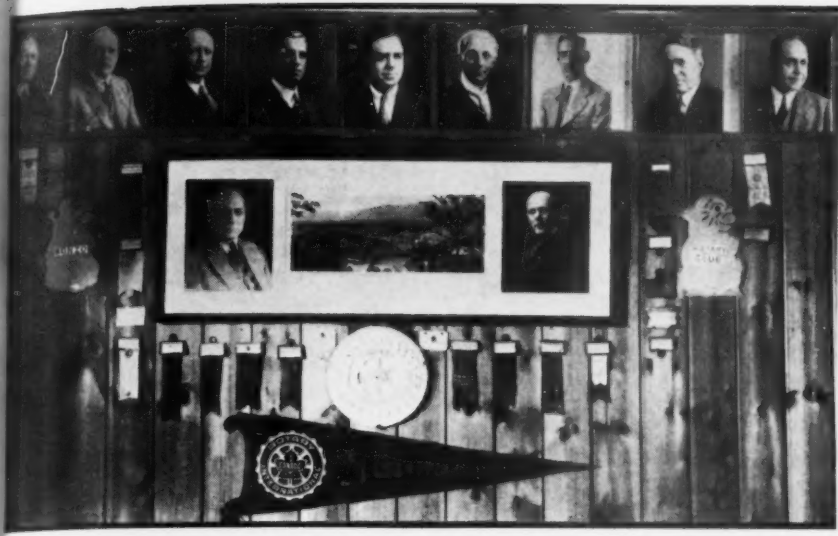
Rotary activities often create hobbies. GUSTAVE PLOCHERE has served nine consecutive years as Chairman of the International Service Committee of the Wilshire Rotary Club of Los Angeles, California, and has collected flags of every nation which has embraced Rotary. His son created a stand for them, in the form of a stationary globe, so that the flags can be placed on the maps of countries they represent (see cut).

For his own contribution to his Rotary Club, ROTARIAN PLOCHERE created a painted map of the world, with the Rotary wheel shining over all, and symbolic figures adorning the blank spaces between the hemispheres.

Visitors to the Central Office of the Secretariat of Rotary International in Chicago have an opportunity to glimpse or examine the personal collection of PAUL P. HARRIS, Rotary's Founder and



"PAUL'S OFFICE." The office of President Emeritus Paul P. Harris at the Chicago Office of Rotary International, where are housed his personal souvenirs of Rotary's 37 years.



THE DEN of Rotariana collected by Albert Linfield in his home at Bramber, Sussex, England.

President Emeritus. In his journeyings FOUNDER PAUL has received many mementoes from all over the world, but perhaps more precious yet are the numbers of photographs of Rotary gatherings and events in which he took part. They fill many volumes. There are signed photographs of many officials and notables who have entertained or visited him.

And, of course, THE GROOM knows that some of his readers have a complete file of THE ROTARIAN from the day the reader received his first copy! That's collecting Rotariana, too. Effortlessly!

AND HERE is the tale of a Rotarian hobbyist who collected life itself through Rotary. From his son, JOHN HENRY COON, JR., we learn this story, condensed by THE GROOM.

JOHN HENRY COON, member of the Baltimore, Maryland, Rotary Club, was ordered to retire. His health depended on it. So he did.

But the spirit was not satisfied. ROTARIAN COON had to be doing something. He had been a dilettante photographer, so now he became a photo hobbyist. But a discriminating one! He went to Williamsburg, restoration of Virginia's colonial capital. He made a record in color photographs of everything, and to know what he was doing he studied the records until he became an authority on the subject. Result: a new profession—a very successful lecturer on interesting educational subjects, beautifully illustrated with his "photographic paintings."

Hobby and profession led to a visit to the Canadian Gaspé Peninsula (which many Rotarians will visit soon on their way to or from the Convention at Toronto in June). And then, in 1941, a trip to Guatemala. Here he found wonderful pictures—and a malarial mosquito. The President of the Guatemala City

Rotary Club, MARIO H. WILLEMSSEN, found him in bed, and removed him to the American Hospital. Every day—sometimes twice a day—the Guatemala City Rotary Club cabled his home Club at Baltimore the news of his struggle for recovery. And when he had won, and was ready to return, three Guatemala Rotarians took him to his boat and made arrangements for special care on the homeward voyage, though the ship sailed before daybreak.

ROTARIAN COON has recovered, fully, now. The result of his trip is a collection of some 600 color pictures and a new lecture—and a deep and abiding faith that Rotary speaks not only in words, but in deeds as well.

What's Your Hobby?

If you are a Rotarian or a member of a Rotarian's family, THE GROOM will list you below, and thus provide one more way for you to contact hobbyists of like interest.

Stamps: Ruth Brown (daughter of Rotarian)—collects stamps; will trade Japanese or Mexican stamps for African or Chinese, 602 N. 25th St., Corsicana, Tex., U.S.A.

Lamps: P. J. Refshauge (collects lamps), Box 168, Aurora, Nebr., U.S.A.

Church Postcards: Mrs. W. G. Shores (wife of Rotarian)—collects postcards of Catholic churches, Wytheville, Va., U.S.A.

—THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM



Photo: News Pictures

WITH HIS Rotary wall map at his back, Gustave Plochere (left), of the Rotary Club of Wilshire, Los Angeles, Calif., receives congratulations on the making of it from Frank V. McCoye, 1940-41 Club President.

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Monthly Letters

From the letters which spell a certain
month of the year, make words which
may be defined as follows:

1. A three-letter conjunction.
2. Por-
tion of a line.
3. Not under.
4. Some-
thing found in a sentence.
5. Part of a
stove.
6. It stings.
7. Dogs like it.
8. A
pronoun of importance.
9. Popular with
women.
10. To take from without con-
sent.
11. Sooner than.
12. Hot stuff.
13.
Group of disorderly people.
14. To trem-
ble.
15. A tiresome person.
16. Always.

Letter Puzzles

A word of seven letters **RIO**
TA

A word of ten letters **T**
S

Geography Lesson

The following definitions refer to
cities of the Rotary world. Example:
To hold fast and to embark. Answer:
Cleveland.

1. Merrymaking and to poke up a fire.
2. A stag and to wade through.
3. Indi-
vidual performance.
4. Second son of
Noah and a fortified town.
5. Dwelling
place and a fibrous substance.
6. Scottish
church and a piece of ground.
7. A
record of performance and one.
8. Fa-
vorable fortune and at the present time.
9. Act of selling.
10. Insane and a period
of time.

The answers to the three problems
above will be found on page 63.

Cycle

We told it to our parents
In hot rebellion, and
We hear it from our children now,
"You just don't understand!"
—May Richstone

Tales Twice Told

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of
him that hears it, never in the tongue
of him that makes it.—Shakespeare.

Signs of the Times

"How was the scenery on your trip?"
"It ran largely to toothpaste and
smoking tobacco."—*The Rotascope*, BUR-
LINGTON, VERMONT.

Anatomically Speaking

Virtues are learned at mother's knee,
vices at some other joint.—*Rotary Bul-
letin*, WHITEFIELD, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Not Sufficient

The applicant for the job as chief en-
gineer proudly spread out letters of
recommendation from two ministers.
"Say," said the superintendent, "we



"I REALLY am worried! The last time we
sent him upstairs to bed without any supper
he wrote a thesis on 'ignorant parents.'"

My Favorite Story

Two dollars will be paid to Rotarians
or their wives submitting stories used
under this heading. Send entries to
Stripped Gears, THE ROTARIAN Magazine,
35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago. Follow-
ing is the favorite story of L. Cady
Hodge, Topeka, Kansas, Rotarian.

An impoverished mother living in a
suburban district adjoining New York
received an unexpected prize of \$10 in
a slogan contest. Neither of her two
boys had been to the city, had ridden
on a subway train, or had tasted a ban-
ana. In spite of pressing needs, she
took them to the city, where they mar-
velled at the sights until their eyes
ached with looking and their feet with
tramping. "Now," said the mother, "we
will go for a subway ride."

"But I'm hungry," complained the
younger boy.

"Do you see those yellow things over
there on that fruit stand?" asked his
mother. "Those are bananas and I'm
going to get one for each of you."

They were no sooner seated in the
subway car than the younger boy began
munching his banana. Shortly after he
had finished eating, the train dashed
into a tunnel. The little boy gasped,
crowded close to his brother, and
whispered:

"Have you eaten that banana yet?"
"No," came the answer, "not yet."
"Then don't," came a muffled reply.
"I ate mine and it made me blind."

don't work on Sundays. Haven't you a recommendation from someone who sees you work on weekdays?—*Rotary News*, GALESBURG, ILLINOIS.

He's the Man

Policeman: "Excuse me, sir, but if you're the pale-faced gentleman who looks like a lop-eared rabbit, I was to tell you that your wife's gone home on the 3:30 bus."—*The Rotaryman*, PORTALES, NEW MEXICO.

Poor Hand

Mrs. Henpecked (sarcastically): "I suppose you've been to see a sick friend—holding his hand all evening!"

Husband (absently): "If I'd been holding his hand, I'd have made money."—*Typing Tips*.

Lucid

"Is the boss in?"
 "No, he's gone out for lunch."
 "Will he be in after lunch?"
 "No, that's what he's gone out after."
 —*The Hub*, SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA.

Abstraction

A little boy was asked, "What is an abstract noun?" He answered, "Something that doesn't exist—like honesty."—*The Gorges*, CHUNGKING, CHINA.

Time Out

Three slightly deaf men were motor-ing from the north of London in an old, noisy car, and hearing was difficult. As they were nearing the city, one asked:

"Is this Wembly?"

"No," replied the second, "this is Thursday."

"So am I," put in the third. "Let's stop and have one."—*Rotary Fellow*, HIGHLAND PARK, MICHIGAN.

Fate

By the time you're important enough to take two hours for lunch, the doctor limits you to a glass of milk.—*Greensboro Rotary News*, GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA.

Up to the Reporters

"Are you going to take this lying down?" boomed the candidate.

"Of course not," said a voice from the rear of the hall. "The shorthand reporters are doing that."—*Rotary Fellow*, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.



"THAT YOUNGSTER of ours learns some pretty clever tricks in the Boy Scout troop."

Always Five Lines

February may be a short month, but a limerick always has five lines. The one shown below has, so far, only four, and it's up to "Rotarian" readers to complete it. If your line's the best that's submitted by April 1, you will receive a check for \$2. Send your line—or lines—to The Fixer, Stripped Gears Department, "The Rotarian" Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill.—Gears Eds.

Hey, Hay!

When Jim came to meeting last week,
 He sat there so quiet and meek,
 Till called on to say
 How he raised clover hay,

Pieces of Eight

THE FIXER's puzzled—by the shortage of last lines for the limerick published in November. Was it difficulty in finding rhyme words? Or lack of understanding of "Fourth Object subscriptions"? Assuming it was the latter, THE FIXER explains: Many Rotary Clubs are sending subscriptions to REVISTA ROTARIA (Spanish edition of THE ROTARIAN) to non-Rotarians in Ibero-American lands for the purpose of furthering Rotary's Fourth Object—"The advancement of international understanding. . . ." If your Club wishes to do the same, see page 1, December ROTARIAN.

This month's award goes to Ivan Emerson, of Weston, West Virginia, for this completed limerick:

"Fourth Object subscriptions are great!"
 Said Bill Brown as he signed up for eight.

"Eight new friends of the best
 Pan-American zest,
 Are certain to carry some weight."

Answers to Problems on Page 62

MONTHLY LETTERS: The month: November. The words: 1. Nor. 2. Em. 3. Over. 4. Verb. 5. Oven. 6. Bee. 7. Bone. 8. Me. 9. Men. 10. Rob. 11. Ere. 12. Ember. 13. Mob. 14. Bever. 15. Bore. 16. Ever.

LETTER PUZZLES: 1. On-ta-rio. 2. Under-ones.

GEOGRAPHY LESSON: 1. Revelstoke (British Columbia, Canada). 2. Hartford (Wisconsin or Connecticut). 3. Solo (Java). 4. Hamburg (Pennsylvania). 5. Homewood (Illinois). 6. Kirkland (Washington). 7. Logan (Ohio, Utah, or West Virginia). 8. Lucknow (India). 9. Sale (Australia). 10. Madera (California or Mexico).



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Last Page Comment

THE FOUR OBJECTS OF ROTARY

To encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise, in particular to encourage and foster:

- (1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.
- (2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occu-

pation as an opportunity to serve society.

- (3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.

- (4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

THESE ARE FULL DAYS. So full that even the imagination cannot encompass them. But small parts of them—a letter, a telegram, a news item, a conversation—speak eloquently of their whole spirit.

IT WAS A TERSE 'WIRE' that came in that noon just 11 days before Christmas, concealing in its brevity all the quiet sorrow of a deeply bereaved father. It said: MY SON DONALD LOST LIFE IN AIRPLANE ACCIDENT ENGLAND DECEMBER 12TH. It had come from Crawford C. McCullough, Rotary's President in 1921-22. We can learn courage from that father and his soldier son—from all the fathers and sons they epitomize.

THE FIRST THURSDAY of war in the Pacific brought this cable from Manila: MANILA ROTARY HELD ITS USUAL MEETING TODAY. No such message came last Thursday. None will come next Thursday. But the future has many Thursdays . . . and one of them, surely, will restore to full meaning those five lines of type in Rotary's *Official Directory* which say that the Rotary Club of Manila, The Philippines, meets Thursday at 12:30, in the Manila Hotel.

THURSDAY is also "Rotary Day" in Wahiawa-Waiialua, Hawaii—which is about ten miles from Pearl Harbor. But Rotarians there forewent their meeting during that first week of the war in the Pacific. A letter from Past District Governor Thomas S. Abel, of that city, tells why. ". . . Every member of our Club," he writes, "including three American citizens of Japanese ancestry, has been active in civilian defense work or called into active Army or Navy service. They have

taken many *évacués* into their homes. Two of them have 22 each. They are assisting in every conceivable type of work in this emergency in addition to their regular duties. . . ."

IT'S TEAMWORK that counts in civilian defense, in winning wars, or in planning peace. And teamwork is an attitude, a way of doing, in which Rotarians have had long training. For years Rotary Clubs have striven to coordinate their activities with established agencies, thereby avoiding duplication. With manpower, with counsel, and with open checkbooks Rotarians have come to the aid of the Red Cross, Scouting, 4-H, Future Farmers, the "Y," the Community Chest—and all the rest. Only in fields where other agencies were not operating have Rotary Clubs set up new organizations. Crippled-children societies are an example. Even then, Rotary Clubs have sought to interest other civic groups in the effort, to give them an equal or greater share in the responsibilities and satisfactions. Now with new emergencies existing for many more Rotarians, that training in teamwork will prove incalculably valuable. In President Tom J. Davis' article elsewhere in these pages—and this comment is but a footnote to it—he reports that Great Britain has found its Rotary Clubs veritable pools of men trained in cooperation. President Davis' own country will make a like discovery.

ANNIVERSARIES crowd February. On the 23rd day of the month Rotary celebrates its own 37th birthday. Because of Rotary's long and concrete interest in the problems of youth—and because world conditions have

greatly sharpened those problems—it is suggested that anniversary observances might aptly bear on the theme "Youth in Wartime and Peacetime." The need of now is an *intensification* of Youth Service. . . . The month also brings the 32nd anniversary of the founding of Scouting in America—a movement toward which Rotary has been as a big brother. War will not change that relationship. . . . Some 2,000 United States communities will observe the week of February 15 as Brotherhood Week, a time for emphasizing the importance of cooperative citizenship and understanding among all Americans—Protestants, Catholics, and Jews. The National Conference of Christians and Jews is the sponsoring group.

A RECENT LETTER from the Rotary Club of Almirante Brown, Argentina, to President Tom J. Davis conveys a "message of solidarity to all the Rotarians of America and to all the peoples harboring the same ideals." It concludes:

. . . This spiritual union will be a redeemer of everything noble which is now in danger in our countries, and in that conviction—across the vast seas which now separate us—we extend both hands to clasp yours and to tell you, in a spirit of brotherhood, that we are Rotarily your friends and that our hearts beat by the impulse of the same noble feelings which hasten the heartbeats of your people.

OUR HORSE TALE of last month—about the old nag that fell into a well and climbed out on the dirt thrown down to bury him—has been bested. Bested by the truth! In Yolo County, California, a few weeks ago, a valuable horse broke out of a corral, sauntered into the ranch garage, and fell into the greasing pit. All efforts to hoist him failed. Then, Bright Idea!, the owner trucked up a couple loads of gravel, shovelled them into the pit, and the horse, rising with the gravel, soon heaved himself out and away. Rotarian Newspaperman Fred G. Dunicliff, of Dixon, who reports the incident, does not say that the horse and its owner read THE ROTARIAN, but the evidence is clear.

— your Editor

